

SUMMARY

FORBIDDEN PLANET

No.1

(Script dated: 8-26-54
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Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in front and back of the script you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

9-8-54 Total number of pages in script
including revisions to date, and
based on 63 lines per page.

107

(Script completed: 9-3-54)

FORBIDDEN PLANET

Screen play by Cyril Hume

Story by Irving Block and Allen Adler

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9-8-54
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FORBIDDEN PLANET

FADE IN:
 MAIN AND CREDIT TITLES SUPERIMPOSED ON THE
 BLACK OF OUTER SPACE-- pinpointed with
 piercing stars, smudged with nebulae, scrawled
 across with cosmic dust. As TITLES END--

1

A Voice (o.s.)

In the final decade of the Twenty-first Century, men and women in chemically-fueled rocket ships landed on the moon. By 2200 A.D., with the perfecting of atomic propulsion, they had reached the other planets of our solar system. Due to galactic distances, the fixed limits to expansion now appeared to have been reached. But at this moment--

(as CAMERA BOOMS IN)

-- not for the first time in human history-- another ancient "absolute" of science was found to have been illusory. Almost at once there followed the discovery of quanta-gravitatic hyper-drive, through which the speed of light was first attained, and later greatly surpassed-- and so at last mankind, now banded together in a single federation, began the conquest and colonization of deep space.

ADVANCING CAMERA has by now PICKED UP
 (MINIATURE) A SPACE SHIP IN FLIGHT-- a
 relatively tiny object of polished metal.
 Shaped along the general lines of the
 planet Saturn, it hangs suspended before
 the infinite background, and seems hardly
 to move.

Voice (continuing o.s.)

United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, travelling at 16 times the speed of light, and already more than a year out from Earth Base on a special mission to the Fourth World in The System of Alpha Aquilae, the great main-sequence star Altair.....

As CAMERA STOPS in an impressive FULL-SCREEN
 CLOSE SHOT (MINIATURE)-- THE SPACE SHIP--

DISSOLVE:

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT - "THE BRIDGE"

2

A compact dome, which is connected with the rest of the ship by an open spiral stairway, centrally placed, and with glimpses of the deck below.

2
CONT'D
(2)

At the marvellous control panel is COMMANDER ADAMS, exceptionally young for his rank, and accordingly inclined to be just a bit starchy. Beside him LT. FARMAN, his astrogator and second-in-command, is bent over the eye-pieces of a computer. Between the two men is a small luminous screen on which two straight lines are continually being brought to cross on a fixed dot; and flanking them are various visicreens and other instruments. Behind, is a communications compartment, where CHIEF QUINN, youthful and spectacled, is hastily locking up his banks of electronic gear. During the first speeches, LT. "DOC" OSTROW (a dozen years older than his Commanding Officer) enters up the spiral stairway with a hypodermic injection kit which he carries on a harness. As SCENE STARTS--

Adams (to Farman)
When do I get a D. C. fix, Jerry?

Farman
Half a minute, Commander.

Adams (back to Quinn)
Get your gear stowed, Chief. We drop back below light-speed soon as the Lieutenant is ready.

Quinn (plainly nervous)
Yes, sir!

TRUCK IN as the Doc CROSSES, dabs Quinn's arm with alcohol in a routine manner.

Doc (kindly)
Try to relax, Quinn.

Quinn (apologetic)
Doctor, I still get the shakes every time we make the drop!

He winces sharply as the needle goes in.

Doc
This'll take you through it.

During the following, the Doc CROSSES, injects Farman.

Adams
Have all the crew had their shots?

Doc (holding)

2
CONT'D
(3)

Farman

Ship on course.

(winning at needle)

Will reach D.C. point at 1701-- less than three minutes now.

Adams

Take it away.

During the following, Farman punches out an elaborate combination on the controls. Simultaneously; Doc CROSSES to Adams, who gives no sign of feeling the needle at all.

Adams

How have the men stood the voyage?

Doc

About average. A few cases of space-blues-- a little epidemic of claustrophobia during the seventh month. But nobody's had to have shock therapy except the Cook.

Adams

Yes, I could taste it in the chow.

Farman

D.C. set and punched on--

Adams (into inter-com)

Attention! Captain to crew: All hands square away to decel.

IFD. SHOT - MAIN DECK

Living-quarters, storage space, etc., arranged radially around central stairway. Low doorways to peripheral engine galleries, heavily fastened, and carrying warning signs. A crew of about a dozen men are rushing to batten down loose gear, and stop personal belongings. During the following, each steps into his individual deceleration capsule, made of transparent plastic, and equipped with clamps, buffers, grip-holds, etc.

3

Adams Voice (continuing on inter-com)

The ship's beeper will sound ten times as usual after lights dim.

Bosun (to crew)

Batten in there, boys! Do you want to bounce through this one?

At the same moment, Quinn and the three officers slide in down the handrails of the spiral stair, fireman fashion. TRUCK IN as they go quickly into the officer's section, get into their own capsules.

3
CONT'D
(2)

Adams

Your calculations had better not overshoot it this time, Lieutenant!

Farman (dryly)

I know. If we come out inside that star, you'll have me up on charges sure as--

The snapping shut of his capsule cuts the sentence off. PAN INTO FULL SHOT-- THE MAIN DECK. The ships' gong sounds. The lights slowly dim. As the ship's beeper sounds ten times at one second intervals, INTER CUT FLASH CLOSEUPS-- OFFICERS AND OFFICERS waiting tensely in their capsules with sweat on their faces. Suddenly, with a huge, shattering sound, the light jumps to violet. The ship begins to pitch and jar. The light brightens swiftly to blue, to green, to yellow, to orange, to pink, to red, to blazing scarlet. For a moment or two, everything appears to waver and change shape in a screaming climax of tortured molecules. Then abruptly, blackness and silence. -- Slowly the lights come on. The men unlatch their capsules, and step out, groggy and a little sick.

MED. SHOT - "THE BRIDGE"

4

As the officers climb up the spiral stair, the dome is now flooded with without their at first noticing it, weak sunshine.

Adams (checking speedometer)

Down to 3896 of I.S.

(to Quinn)

How do you feel, Chief?

Quinn (putting glasses on)

I always feel great when it stops, sir.

Doc (groaning)

My poor old beat-up metabolism!

4
CONT'D
(2)

Farman (suddenly)

Look-- sunlight!

(as all crowd to forward scope)

Altair-- right on the nose!

Adams (almost genial)

Yes, if your military bearing was up to your astrogation, we'd have quite a ship here, Lieutenant.

Doc (shielding eyes, peering)

It seems a little brighter than our own sun.

Adams

And about ten percent smaller.

(to Farman)

All right, Jerry. Punch out an orbit on the fourth planet.

Farman (manipulating scopes)

Half a second till I locate it.

Adams

Try a point right azimuth.

Farman (amused, superior)

Right!?

(astonished as he finds it)

Oh, yeah-- there she is!

(meekly punching controls)

Ship in approach spiral. Helical vector orientated.

Adams (into intercom)

Captain to crew: Attention! Attention!

MEDIUM SHOT - THE MAIN DECK

5

As the big view-plate lights up, a number of crewmen gather, and begin talking in eager undertones. A planet is now visible, like a blue-green jewel, haloed with atmosphere.

Adams' Voice (continuing on intercom)

Our port of destination, Altair-4, is now visible on the ward room view-plate. As you will recall from your conditioning lectures, it is an earth-type planet. Twenty years ago the spacecraft Belerephon landed here with a prospecting party of men and women scientists. Since that time no word has come back. Our mission is to search for

Bosun (happily stretching)
Ground-leave after 377 days!

5
CONT'D
(2)

LAP DISSOLVE:

MEDIUM SHOT - THE BRIDGE

6

The sunlight is stronger now. The mottled globe of Altair-4 fills the whole forward scope. Doc and Adams are peering at it. Farman is still at his eye-pieces.

Doc
The Good Lord makes some beautiful worlds!

Adams (to Farman)
How do those continents check with the old charts?

Farman
Tell you better in a few hours, Skipper.
(glancing up)
Time for brakes.

Adams
Take it away.

Farman (into inter-com)
Astrogator to crew: Stand by to change flux.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE MAIN DECK

7

The crewmen grab the nearest solid thing, and hang on. There is a sudden roar, and they all lurch. As the brakes quiet to a drone--

Tenth Crewman
That was Star-Boy at the controls sure enough!

Eleventh Crewman
Yeah! I hope the Skipper takes us in.

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - WARD-ROOM VIEW-PLATE

8

A detailed section of Altair-4 is now visible, like a huge relief map. Dawn sweeps over seas and plains and mountains, until finally it is all in full daylight. During this **PULL BACK**

8
CONT'D
(2)

Crewman Randall (mopping
forehead)
Getting hot in here!

Crewman Lindstrom
Sure-- listen!

Above the drone of the brakes, there is
now a steady, shrill hissing sound.

Crewman Moran
Air-- friction on the hull!

Crewman Nichols
(at a new sound)
Coolers just cut in.

Adams Voice
(on intercom)
Attention! Captain to crew: we are entering
the atmosphere of Altair-4. No survival suits
will be required upon landing. The oxygen
content here is 4.7 richer than Earth standard,
and the gravity only .897 g. As a result,
you men may be feeling a little higher than
usual during our stay here.

(a change of voice)
Now I know you've all been cooped up for over
a year, and every one of you has done his job.
But we're here on special patrol, and I'll have
to hold you to strict discipline. That is all.

Identified by a white chef's cap, the Cook
has come up into the doorway of his galley.
He is distinctly of a lower type than
the others.

Cook
What's the Old Man worryin' about discipline
for! I've seen these so-called new worlds!
No taverns, no dance halls-- no civilisation
at all, not even a bingo parlor! Nothin' for
a man to do but stand off and chuck rocks at
a tin can-- and you bring your tin can.

Crewman Silvers (kidding)
Ah, go have yourself another shock treatment.

Cook (bristling)
Why, I just took that for the entertainment
of it!

MEDIUM SHOT - BRIDGE

9

Quinn is busy at his equipment, Farman is checking a set of old charts against the forward scope, and the Doc is peering through the built-in telescope.

Adams (to Quinn)
No radio signals at all?

Quinn
Not so far, sir.

Farman
These charts will do, Skipper.

Adams
Good.

(to Doc)
Well Doctor, what do you make of it?

Doc (shrugging)
Not a sign of artificial construction anywhere.

Quinn (suddenly)
Commander Adams! We're being radar-scanned!

All glance over. Adams crosses quickly!

Adams
Can you zero on it?

Quinn (a bit shaky)
No, sir. It-- it seems to emanate from an area about 20 miles square.

Poker-faced, Adams considers this for a moment, then flips the switch of the alarm beeper.

MEDIUM SHOT - MAIN DECK

10

Crew rushing as the beeper sounds.

Bosun
Combat stations! This is no drill! Flaster crews man your scopes!

MEDIUM SHOT - BRIDGE

11

Doc
Skipper, you don't really suppose it's the
BELEREPHON survivors?

11
CONT'D
(2)

Adams
Yes, that's what I suppose, but this could be
Man's first contact with an alien race-- which
might be why we haven't heard from BELEREPHON.

Farman
Should I break off approach?

Adams (quietly grim)
No, I don't think Base had that in mind when they
sent the newest fighting ship in the service.
Steady as you go, Lieutenant.

He switches the beeper off. Tense silence
throughout the ship. FLASH TO BRIEF
INDIVIDUAL SLOUSEPS-- crewmen at their posts--
gun-ports open, and gunners crouched at
the aiming-scopes, etc.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE BRIDGE

12

The officers motionless and alert.

Quinn (suddenly)
Radio contact! Sir, there's a voice here!

Adams
Human?

Quinn
Sounds like.

Adams
Boost it.

Quinn makes an adjustment, and the voice
comes through, deep and authoritative,
but a little blurred with static.

Voice
-- space ship, identify yourself. You are being
tracked.

Adams (into radio)
United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, J. J. Adams
commanding. Who are you, please?

12
CONT'D
(2)

Voice
Morbis speaking.

Adams
Who?

Voice
Edward Morbius of the EELEREPHON.

Adams (aside to Farman)
Check those EELEREPHON rolls-- M-C-R-E-I-U-S.

Farman is already checking the list.

Farman
Here he is! Morbius E.-- Ph. D.-- expedition
philologist.

Doc (puzzled)
Philologist?!

Voice
Cruiser! What is it you wish here!

The officers exchange looks.

Adams
(into radio)
You don't understand, sir. We're your relief--
very glad to find you alive.

Voice (controlled impatience)
I, of course, appreciate your concern. However,
I'm in no sort of difficulty. Your best procedure
will be to turn back at once without landing.

They stare at each other again.

Farman (dryly)
The old red carpet treatment-- what?

Adams (quietly into radio)
Doctor Morbius, my orders are to survey the situation
on Altair-4.

Voice (very arbitrary)
Let me repeat: Absolutely no assistance is required!

Adams (burned but quiet)
Sorry, sir.

Voice (snapping)
I warn you, Commander! If you set down on this
planet, I cannot be responsible for the safety of
your ship or your crew!

Adams (holding himself in)
If you'll just supply me with landing coordinates--

12
CONT'D
(3)

Voice (resigned)
Very well.-- You have standard charts?

Adams
Yes, sir.

Voice
You may come in at 83-12-4 North, 143-21 West.

Adams
Thank you.

Farman has punched it out on the automatic computer.

Farman
(checking screens)
That's right back there in that desert.

Voice (suddenly)
Commander! I urge you to reconsider! I strongly recommend--

Adams quietly switches the amplifier off.

Doc (frowning, pondering)
Something fishy down there, Skipper?

Adams glances at him, but does not reply.

Adams (to Farman)
I'll take her in.

(into inter-com)
Captain to crew: Stand by to reverse polarity. Standard Class A security will be maintained upon landing. Until further notice, officers and chiefs will wear side-arms at all times. That is all.

All have been fastening their safety belts.

Adams
Artificial gravity off.

Farman
Grav. off.

Adams (as both punch controls)
Half-flux.

Farman
Half-flux.

Adams
Cut primary coils.

12
CONT'D
(4)

Farman-
Primaries cut.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DAY - LONG SHOT - (MINIATURE PROCESS)
THE SPACE CRUISER DESCENDING TO THE ALTAIRIAN
DESERT

13

with a strange, piercing electrical sound.
The sky behind is a startling but beautiful
chartreuse color.

FULL SHOT (MINIATURE) - THE SPACE CRUISER

14

hovering a few yards above the desert sand,
its landing-ring glowing incandescent, and
with great hairy bolts of vari-colored
electricity spraying down from it, so that
dust rises, thicker and thicker. --There
is a change in the tearing sound. A shining
metal cylinder slowly protrudes downward
through the landing ring. Just as its base
touches the sand, the sound of electrical
power is cut abruptly, and the weight of
the ship settles visibly on its central
pedestal. At once evenly-spaced weights
zip down from the outer rim, and the anchor
cables are reeled taut. Then a hatch slides
back under the rim on one side, and a slant-
ing gangway is smoothly extruded. As it
touches the ground, clicks into a flight
of metal steps with a handrail--

MED. SHOT - THE GANGWAY

15

As the dust settles, the three officers
come down alertly. All are now wearing
their No. 1 uniforms, with sidearms.
As they step to the sand, TRUCK IN.

Doc (gazing in admiration)

Look at the color of that sky!

Farman (wistful for once)

I'll take blue.

Doc
No, I think a man could get used to this,
and grow to love it.

Adams (calling over shoulder)
Bosun, you can unload the tractor.

Bosun (in background)
Aye, aye, sir!

Farman
Checked your command mike, Skipper?

Adams
Good idea, Jerry.

He activates a miniature two-way radio in
his collar insignia. (As will be revealed
later its center is a tiny television camera
which may be pulled out on a reeled cord.)

Adams
Chief.

Quinn's Voice
Sir?

Adams
You're in command, Quinn. And stay right at
those instruments.

Quinn's Voice
Aye aye, sir.

Doc (suddenly pointing o.s.)
What's this dust coming?

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - THE DESERT

16

A column of dust is rolling rapidly nearer.

THREE SHOT - THE OFFICERS WATCHING

17

Farman
We're being met.

Adams (over shoulder)
Hold the tractor, bosun.
(peering o.s.)
What's quite a vehicle, isn't it!

Farman
And is that driver a wild man!

Adams (after a pause)

What driver?

17
CONT'D
(2)

As they stand staring blankly, there is a long shriek of brakes o.s., dust blows through, and a three-wheeled, streamlined vehicle of shining metal skids to a stop in f.g. Rising in front is a rather pointed dome, partly transparent, with active electronic machinery visible inside, and studded elsewhere with various lights, gauges, gadgets, etc. Behind this, enclosed in transparent plastic wind-shielding is baggage space, and two fore-and-aft passenger seats, arranged something like an Irish jaunting car, and at present unoccupied.

Doc (stupidly)

It's empty!

But at this moment, the dome stirs, the forward streamlining opens, and a ponderous figure of metal and plastic stands up into full view.

REVERSE ANGLE - MEDIUM SHOT - THE JEEP

18

The three officers in f.g. with their backs toward CAMERA. As the ponderous figure steps down, and faces CAMERA, there is a shock: he has no face-- only a complicated arrangement of electronic gadgets which crackle and light up at unexpected moments. In spite of his dis-proportioned arms and legs, he only very roughly suggests the human shape. His hands are tools, and various spare parts (one of these actually a metal hand) are neatly clipped to his body, back and front. He is able to rotate the upper part of his dome, and so seems to "face" the person addressing him. Now confronting the three officers, the robot bows slightly, like a dignified and elderly family servant.

Robot (a grating monotone)
Welcome to Altair-4, gentlemen. I am to transport you to the residence.

Adams (getting hold of himself)
No offense, but you're a-- a robot, aren't you?

Robot
That is correct, sir. For your convenience, I am

The officers are still slightly embarrassed
in this unfamiliar social situation.

18
CCMT'D
(2)

Adams
Great climate you have here--
(big inhalation)
--that high oxygen content!

Robot
I rarely use it myself, sir. It promotes rust.

Farman (on impulse)
Robby-- if you don't mind, which are you, male, or
female?

Robot (faintly chilly)
In my case, sir, the question is totally without
meaning.
(holding jeep door)
Will you get in, gentlemen?

After a moment, they comply, and Robby
goes round in front, sits down, engaging
his rear end in the drive mechanism, and
closes the streamlining about himself.

Adams (into command mike)
Okay, Quinn. Track this. And if I blink red--

Quinn's Voice (on command mike)
I'll bring the ship in a hurry, sir.

Robot (as all sit)
Passengers will please fasten their seat belts.

Doc (complying, amused)
He looks after us like a mother.

The words end in a grunt, as the jeep takes
off with a tremendous lurch, proving that
the seat belts are absolutely essential.

DISSOLVE:

INT. MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) - THE JEEP

19

Speeding madly along the brink of a horrifying
chasm comparable to the Grand Canyon. Doc and
Farman are hanging on. With some difficulty
Adams locates the rear seat 'phone.

Adams
For the love of Pete, Robby! Can't we keep it
under ninety?

Robby's entire dome rotates through 180 degrees, so that he now faces them.

19
CCMT'D
(2)

Robot (courteously)
Have no apprehension, sir. My built-in reflexes are infallible.

Doc (screaming)
At least look where you're going!

Robot
Not necessary. I do everything by positronic transfiguration.

He winks several lights rapidly to prove it.

LAP DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - THE HOUSE OF DR. MORBIUS

20

Not especially large, yet strange and impressive among its gardens of flowering trees and falling waters. All around it is a panorama of lush grandeur and beauty. TRUCK IN as jeep enters f.g., rolls to a stop.

Robot (holding the door)
If you gentlemen will go in, you're expected.

TRUCK the three forward in silence through a marvellously planted patio. A calling of birds around them, and a tinkling of water. -- Suddenly, at the far side, they see a tall figure waiting for them at the head of three steps. He is about fifty years old, lean and wide-shouldered, and dressed in worn coveralls. His iron-gray hair is hacked off at the nape of his neck, and his face is impressively lined. The direct, dark eyes are counting with intelligence. He watches the three young men sternly as they approach. TRUCK IN with them. Instinctively they come to a military halt, facing him.

Morbius (unexpectedly)
I am Morbius!

Adams (in acknowledgment)
Commander Adams.
(presenting others)
Lt. Farman, my Executive. Lt. Ostrow, our Ship's Doctor.

Morbius regards them with a smile which is at once playful and chilling.

20
CCNT'D
(2)

Morbius

How quaint and paradoxical are the whims of destiny! -- that I, a simple scholar, with no ambition beyond a modest measure of seclusion, should, out of a clear sky, find myself beset by an army of fellow creatures, all inflexibly bent upon being of service to me!

Adams' jaw-muscles knot, but he controls it.

Adams

If we're not welcome here-- sorry, sir, but we have our orders.

Morbius

But gentlemen! You must of course stay for lunch-- I insist upon it.

(an off-hand gesture)

Time enough for parting afterwards.

Adams (somewhat drily)

Thank you.

Morbius beckons. The others exchange slightly ironical glances, and follow. TRUCK them in through a patio, where a little fountain tinkles in a beautiful stone basin.

Adams (conversation)

We had a childish sort of idea that you might be glad to get news from home.

Morbius (stopping, quizzical)

Home, sir? Isn't a man's home where he hangs his intellect?

Adams (smiling faintly)

Or his uniform.

Doc (playing it along)

Any room in there for the human heart?

Farman (who feels left out)

What about the human stomach? I could eat.

All laugh, and Morbius leads the way indoors:

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS' LIVING ROOM -
ROBBY'S HAND LIGHTING THE DOC'S CIGAR

by simply touching his fingertip to it.
PULL BACK into GROUP SHOT-- THE TABLE, set
in the dining area. A large, beautiful room,
with a big window overlooking the terrace,
with the lovely gardens dropping away below.
Lunch is just over.

Doc (puffing, content)
Finest cigar I've ever burned.

Farman
And that lunch!-- whatever it was.

Morbius (quietly pleased)
Simply some of Robby's synthetics.

Adams
He's your cook to!?

Morbius
Even manufactures the raw materials.
(demonstrating Robby as they fail to
follow)
One introduces a sample of human food through
this jaw-like aperture.

(tapping Robby's metal abdomen)
Now down about in here there's a small, built-in
chemical laboratory where he analyzes it. Later
he's able to reproduce identical molecules in
any shape or quantity right in his own workshop.

Adams (admiring Robby)
The housewife's dream! -- Can he mind the baby?

Morbius (chuckling)
Almost anything! -- Plus absolute, selfless
obedience.

(to Robby)
Activate the disposal unit.

Robby slides back a small panel in the wall,
revealing a standing column of pale radiance,
which seems to stir faintly. Morbius picks
up one of the beautiful drinking glasses,
and tosses it in, water and all-- it dis-
appears soundlessly. They are impressed.

Doc (aside to Farman)
Household disintegrator beam!

Morbius (to Robby)
Put your arm in there.

As Robby moves to obey, the three officers

Morbius (to Robby-- just

in time)

Order cancelled.

(smiling at their relief)

Don't be misled by appearance, gentlemen.

Robby has no feelings whatever.

(aside to Robby)

Stilson wrench.

As Robby obediently detaches his own left hand, replaces it with the Stilson wrench attachment--

Morbius (continuing)

From the viewpoint of sheer engineering, he might better have been simply a sphere, with multiple appendages--

(twinkling)

-- but Man has a weakness for making things in his own image. In this case, there's even an automatic courtesy adjustment-- you'll notice how he invariably rotates his top section toward the person he addresses. Totally non-functional of course-- actually he sees, hears, feels, simultaneously in all directions.

Robby's left hand has now been replaced by the Stilson wrench.

Morbius

Handy, eh? And notice these other attachments-- forceps for fine work-- micrometers, calipers, box hook. Obviously his arm itself is the pinch-bar, his whole body the power-jack.

(complacently leaning back)

Tremendously strong too-- he could quite easily topple this house off its foundations.

Doc (rather sober)

In the wrong hands, mightn't a servant of this sort become a deadly weapon?

Morbius flashes a glance at him-- smiles.

Morbius

No, doctor, -- not even though I were "the mad scientist" of the tape-thriller-- because, you see, there happens to be a built-in safety factor.

(amused that they seem dubious)

May I borrow that formidable-looking side-arm, Commander?

Adams silently hands his blaster over to Morbius, who passes it to Robby. The other two officers do not like this very much.

Morbius
Robby, point this thing at that hibiscus out on the terrace.

(as Robby obeys)

Pull the trigger.

There is a roar and a streak of light, and the flowering bush has vanished, vaporized.

Morbius (to Robby)
You now understand the mechanism?

Robby
Yes, Morbius. A simple blaster.

Morbius
Very well. Point it at the Commander.

As Robby obeys, Farman and the Doc involuntarily reach for their own weapons, but Adams checks them with a slight gesture. He sits looking steadily into the barrel of his own blaster. Morbius plainly respects this.

Morbius
Aim right between the eyes, Robby.
(as Robby obeys)

Fire!

Nothing happens. Robby stands rigid. Faint pops begin coming from inside him, electric shortings squirm over his whole body, and all his dials and gauges are violently agitated.

Morbius (chuckling)
You see? He's helpless-- locked in a sub-electronic dilemma between my direct order and his basic inhibition against harming a rational being. If I let it go on, he'll blow every tube in his body.
(to Robby)

Cancelled.

Morbius returns Adams' blaster. Robby goes about his duties. All relax slowly.

Doc (deeply impressed)
How did you come by such a mechanism?

Morbius
Come by it? I tinkered Robby together myself during my first months here.

Farman (as all stare)
You built this thing?

Morbius (shrugging, losing interest)
A useful enough gadget, but I've no time for such things nowadays.

Adams (frowning faintly)
But Dr. Morbius! You're a philologist-- an expert in words and languages, their origins, derivations, meanings--

(leaning toward him)
-- yet this robot of yours is far beyond the combined resources of all Earth's physical sciences!

Morbius has become guarded, like a man conscious of having made some sort of slip.

Morbius
Possibly you over-estimate both Robby and myself, Commander.

(rising, dismissing subject)
In any case, our coffee seems to be ready.

They follow him into the living-room, where Robby has arranged a coffee service on a table at the garden window. Unexpectedly Morbius stops at a wall switch.

Morbius (playfully)
Here-- let me show you another bit of parlor magic--

(throwing switch)
Presto!

Instantly, heavy steel shutters clang down across all the doors and windows, leaving the room in darkness. When Morbius switches the lights on, all three officers have their blasters out, prepared for anything.

Morbius (ironically amused)
Oh please, gentlemen! I didn't mean to alarm you! Just a peaceful, harmless old recluse.
(reversing switch so that the shutters roll up into their recesses again)
I had Robby install these steel shutters before I'd realized how altogether safe I am here.

They sit down at the window-table, and when Robby has poured their coffee, he leaves. The Doc's thoughts have been away somewhere.

21
CONT'D
(5)

Doc (unexpectedly)
Dr. Morbius, I've noticed you have no screens
in your windows.

(as Morbius stiffens slightly)
Plenty of butterflies in the garden of course--
(indicating table bouquet)
-- and here's a bee-- necessary to pollinize these
extraordinary hybrid flowers that grow here.
(suddenly to others)
But has either of you noticed a single fly or
mosquito since we landed?

Farman

So what?

Doc (equivocal)
In a sub-tropical climate? So nothing--
(smiling into Morbius' face)
-- unless our host has simply removed all native
insect pests from the face of an entire planet!

Morbius (glowering slightly)
I assure you, Doctor, that Altair-4 remains in all
respects exactly as we first discovered it.

At once he recovers his surface good humor,
but now he is blandly determined to get rid
of them.

Morbius
Well, gentlemen, this has been very pleasant,
but now your mission is complete: You've seen
how I get on here-- pretty comfortably as a
matter of fact! -- no hardships, no special
difficulties, no need at all for any military
assistance.....and I dare say you're impatient
to so report back to Base.

He has risen in polite dismissal,
and the others rise with him.

Adams
Not quite yes, I'm afraid, sir. We're still
obliged to interview the other members of your
party.

Morbius stares in sober astonishment.

Morbius
Others!? But there are no others!
(nodding, as they react to the shock)
Before the first year was out, they all-- every
man and woman of them!-- succumbed to a.....a
sort of planetary force here.

(eyes haggard and haunted)
A dark, terrible, incomprehensible force,
Commander! Only my wife and I were immune.

For a moment, the three officers
exchange quick, suspicious glances.

Adams (carefully quiet)
And how did you account for your immunity to
this "planetary force", Dr. Morbius?

Morbius (troubledly)
I wish I could answer scientifically, and without
sounding fanciful. But as far as I was ever
able to determine, my wife and I actually differed
from the others only in our special love for this
new world-- in our boundless longing to make a
home here, far from the strife and scurry of
humankind.

He turns, and stares out the window, and
they all watch him, still dubious and
suspicious.

Morbius
I remember how when the vote was taken to return
to Earth, she and I were utterly heart-broken.....

Doc (muttering to himself)
An infection against which a specific emotion
confers immunity!? That would be something
new in psychosomatics!

During this, Farman has produced the
BELEPEPHON rolls, and run quietly through
them.

Farman (suddenly)
Something funny here, Skipper. No record of any
wife in these rolls.

Morbius (wearily impatient)
Look under bio-chemistry, Lieutenant.
(pointing out name on list)
Here-- Julia Marsin.
(turning away again)
She and I were married by the BELEPEPHON commander
during our voyage here. I have the certificate.

Now the three officers are uncertain again.
The Doc relaxes, glances around the room.

Doc (smiling)
Well, I thought Robby had managed some charming
feminine touches here!
(to Morbius)
Mrs. Morbius isn't at home today?

Morbius stiffens. His lips tremble-- and
set.

Morbius

My wife died some months after the others--
although in her case it was a result of natural
causes.

Doc (wretchedly)

I'm so very sorry!

Adams (startlingly brutal)

And what exactly were the symptoms of all those
other deaths? -- the unnatural ones I mean!

Morbius (somber dignity)

The symptoms were striking, Commander: One by one--
in spite of every precaution and safeguard-- my
co-workers were torn literally limb from limb by
some devilish thing we never managed even to
glimpse! The BEIEREPHON itself vaporized as
the last three survivors attempted to take her
off.

It hits them hard, but they are still
uncertain how much of it to believe.

Adams (openly incredulous)

Yet in all these nineteen years you personally
have never again been troubled by this-- planetary
force?

Morbius (deep-voiced)
Only in nightmares of those days.
(murmuring to himself)

Yet sometimes in my mind I feel the creature is still lurking somewhere close at hand, sly and irresistible, and only waiting to be reinvoked for murder.....

Suddenly he breaks off, his eyes fixed startledly on the inner doorway behind them.

Morbius

Altaira!

As they wheel about, PAN TO INCLUDE THE DOORWAY. A girl stands there. She is about nineteen years old, dressed in a filmy and revealing sort of playsuit, with incredible gouts of rubies about her neck and wrists, and on her hair and sandals.

Morbius (frowning)

Alta, I specifically asked you not to join us at lunch!

She is uneasily conscious of the men looking at her, yet there is still considerable spoiled charm in her manner.

Alta

But lunch is over, father!

(CRASSING, ingratiating)

I'm sure you never said a word about my not coming in afterwards for coffee!

(taking his arm, looking up at him)

-- Well did you?

The three officers grin indulgently as Morbius puts his arm around her.

Morbius (resigned)

You young fellows will eventually discover that a man has never really been twisted around a woman's finger until he's had a daughter of his own to deal with.

(as all laugh-- she most of all)

Altaira, this is Commander Adams-- Dr. Ostrow-- Lt. Farman.

The men murmur, "How do you do," and she beams at each of them.

Alta

I've always so wanted to meet a young man-- and now three of them all at once!

Doc (touched and tickled)
Nothing kinder has been said to me in a generation.

21
CONT'D
(9)

Alta (rather surprised)
But you're really quite beautiful!
(beaming again)
-- Of course the two end ones are simply lovely.

Farman (smoothly moving in)
Can the one on this end get you some coffee?

Alta (surprised again)
But I'm quite able to get it, thank you!

She moves briskly away o.s. toward the coffee table. Farman follows as though on a leash. The three others look after her-- especially Adams.

Morbius (proudly apologetic)
You gentlemen must make allowances. My daughter has never known any human being except her old father.

Doc
Hope you'll make allowances too, sir.
(watching Adams sidelong)
We "young men" have been shut away in hyperspace for over a year now, and the view from right here looks like Heaven.

TWO SHOT - AT COFFEE TABLE - FARMAN AND ALTA

22

The Lieutenant is doing his silky best to make an impression.

Farman
Sugar?

Alta (laughing)
But why do you keep helping me? After all you're Robby!

Farman (meaningly)
Wouldn't mind being Robby in some ways-- that's just in some ways of course!

Alta (studying him sharply)
I can see that was probably quite clever, but I didn't understand it.

Farman (a bit sheepish)
And I haven't the nerve to explain it.

Alta
Oh, I could see that much!

22
CONT'D
2

GROUP SHOT - THE THREE OTHERS

23

Watching Alta o.s.

Morbius
I suppose one day I shall be obliged to take the child on a little trip to Earth-- for the sake of her natural development.

Doc (drily)
I should say fairly soon, too.

Ever since Morbius' speech, Adams has been staring at him almost indignantly.

Adams
Good Lord, Dr. Morbius! It's pretty clear you don't realize how things are back home nowadays! Why a girl like your daughter couldn't even get out of the spaceport before--

His words trail off as he notices the Doc watching him with a big twinkle.

Adams (coldly)
And what's so terribly funny, Dr. Ostrow?

Doc (hastily mastering a grin)
Nothing!-- nothing at all!
(to Morbius)
Our Commander is an idealist. Women scare the living daylights out of him.

TWO SHOT - FARMAN AND ALTA

24

He is doing all right-- she is laughing.

Farman
Your father didn't seem too pleased at first about your meeting us.

Alta
Well naturally not!-- after all you're from Earth and everything.

Farman (blank)
So what's wrong with Earth?

24
C T'D
(-)

Alta (very knowing)
As if I didn't know!
(beaming at him)
How lucky I am!-- all three of you being such
really nice exceptions!
(as he still looks blank)
Well, you are exceptions, aren't you?

Farman (suddenly catching on)
Oh sure! Sure! -- That is, I am anyway. You know--
Good old harmless, half-witted Jerry.
(with some reluctance)
I guess you can trust the Doc too-- in the daytime.

Alta (after a pause)
But what about the Commander?

Farman
I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Alta--
(lowering his voice)
-- but that man is notorious throughout seven
planetary systems!

Alta
Oh dear-- and he's so terribly beautiful!
(a large-eyed whisper)
What does he do?

Farman (righteously clearing
his throat)
Naturally I'm not free to discuss the shortcomings
of a brother officer--
(lowering voice again)
-- but any girl or woman that lets him get her
alone anywhere ever for a micro-second-- !

He lets it hang there. Alta is now staring
o.s. at Adams in total fascination.

Alta (a bit breathless)
Oh yes-- I can see it now!
(flinching slightly)
There! when he looked at me! Why his eyes almost
had fire in them!
(absently squeezing Farman's hand)
I'm so glad there isn't any fire in your eyes,
Lieutenant.

Farman realizes he has doublecrossed himself.

Farman
Hey! hold on now! I'm not as harmless as all
that! I--

Alta! Morbius (calling o.s.)

24
CONT'D
(3)

Alta (as CAMERA PANS INTO
FULL SHOT)
Yes, father?

Morbius (smiling faintly)
These two gentlemen have expressed a very kind
concern for the amount of liberty you have here.

Alta (astonished)
Are they serious?

Morbius
Entirely. And I've just explained to them that
you have my permission to visit Earth any time
you choose.

Alta (half amused, half
embarrassed)
But why should any sane person want to visit such
a dreadful, nasty little planet as Earth!? I mean
after all-- !

The three officers have glanced sharply and
thoughtfully at Morbius, and he cuts her off
quickly.

Morbius
Then my girl never feels confined or lonely here?

Alta (real bewilderment)
But it's my home-- how could I! I've got you--
and Robby-- and all my friends!

Adams (as all react strongly)
Friends?

Morbius (faintly mocking)
I think perhaps you'd better call them, dear.

Alta
Very well!

She jumps up, naively eager, walks quickly
outdoors and o.s. As the others start to
follow, Morbius checks them with a gesture.
They all stand looking o.s. after Alta.
Suddenly the Doc gives a muffled exclamation.

Doc
I felt something go right through my head!

Morbius (nodding o.s.)
Alta's whistle. It's above the pitch of human
hearing-- hurts me too sometimes.

EXT. HIGH ANG. FULL SHOT - GARDEN - ALTA

25

silently blowing a little golden whistle which she wears around her neck on a chain. Then, as she stands with her face and arms upraised, birds of all sorts and shapes and colors gather from all sides, and whirl about her, settling on her hands and shoulders with shrill cries. She feeds them out of a basket. TRUCK UP INTO MED. SHOT.

Alta (laughing)

Greedy! Stop crowding! There's enough for everybody.

(as a cockatoo pecks a parakeet)

Go way, you big, beaky brute!

(feeding parakeet on her finger)

There now! take your time, dear.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE SCORWAY - THE FOUR MEN

26

smiling as they watch her o.s. Adams' expression is especially fatuous.

Doc (quoting softly)

"-- et tristis animi levare curas!

Farman

What was that-- a prescription?

Morbis

Your Doctor was quoting an ancient Latin poet who once saw a young woman playing with a pet sparrow-- and envied the bird.

Farman (grinning)

You do pretty well yourself, sir.

Morbis (a shrug)

Dead languages are my stock-in-trade.

Adams (watching Alta and birds o.s.)

If it can talk about that, it's not a dead language!

MEDIUM SHOT - THE GARDEN - ALTA

27

All the birds scatter as two deer enter.

Alta

Hello, Rigel-- come, Capella.

(petting them, etc.)

Have you been good girls, or have you been butting each other? Well, only the bucks do that.

Alta (continued)

I suppose you'll be going off with them again in a few weeks-- then you won't come when I call.

27
CONT'D
(2)

Unexpectedly, the deer raise their heads, listen, and suddenly bound away o.s.

MEDIUM SHOT - DOORWAY

28

Adams

What's up?

Morbius (pointing o.s.)

Look.

EXT. CLOSE SHOT - A CLUMP OF FLOWERING SHRUBS

29

After a moment, a tiger slouches out into the sunlight, striped and gorgeous.

MED. SHOT - TERRACE DOORWAY

30

As the three officers grab their blasters.

No-- don't shoot! Morbius (a quick warning)
Watch.

MED. SHOT - THE GARDEN - ALTA AND THE TIGER

31

It is rubbing against her knees, and when she scratches it behind its jaw, it closes its eyes, and purrs harshly.

MEDIUM SHOT - TERRACE DOORWAY

32

The three officers watching, open-mouthed.

Farman (relaxing)
Oh-- tame as a kitten.

Morbius (gravely)
Outside the range of my daughter's influence, that tiger is still a deadly wild beast.

Adams (almost in awe)
But how do you account for a power like that?

Morbius (smiling, shrugging)
How would you explain it, Doctor?

32
CONT'D
(2)

Doc (chuckling)
Easy. It's the medieval myth of the Unicorn.

Adams
I'm afraid myths aren't my "stock-in-trade."

Doc (as all still watch o.s.)
The Unicorn was like a snow-white horse, with the legs of an antelope, and the tail of a lion, and a single straight horn which grew out of the center of its forehead. He was the wisest and most savage of all beasts, so that he could never be captured. But he had one great weakness--

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - CARDEN - ALTA
AND THE TIGER

33

Doc (continuing o.s.)
-- with all his soul the Unicorn worshipped purity. And when he met a maiden in the forest, he would go gently to her, and kneel before her--

GROUP SHOT - DOORWAY - THE THREE MEN

34

Doc (continuing)
-- and then she would sit down, and take his fierce head in her lap, and lull him to sleep.

Morbius (cynically)
And then the huntsmen would come, and trap him there.

Doc (eyes o.s.)
I don't believe your daughter could betray even a unicorn, sir.

At this moment Adams' collar insignia buzzes.

Adams (as Morbius starts)
Just a routine checkup from the ship.
(answering)
Yes, Chief?

Quinn's Voice
Everything okay, Commander?

Adams
No problems,

Quinn's Voice

Would you mind activating the viewer, sir?

34
CCMT'D
(2)

Adams draws the miniature scope out on its cord, and swings it slowly around the room.

Adams

There you are, Chief-- I'm under no restraint at all.

Just as the little scope reaches the outer doorway, Alta re-enters, stands there, smiling. Quinn's low, appreciative wolf-whistle comes over the instrument from thirty miles away.

Adams (hostily disconnecting)

That will do, Quinn!

During this, Morbius has studied the three officers as they stand admiring Altaira. But the moment they notice him, he is smiling again.

Morbius

Well, gentlemen, anything I can do to be of help while you're here-- But now I suppose you're impatient to start home.

Adams (quietly)

Yes sir-- but we're forced to stay now.

Morbius (startled)

Eh?

Adams

I'm obliged to contact Base for new instructions. My old ones don't seem to cover these unexplained BELEPHONE fatalities.

Morbius (controlled
resentment)

I see! And suppose these "instructions" of yours require my return to Base for questioning?-- Two years and more away from my work here!-- I suppose our Earth-side bureaucrats would contemplate a use of force?

Adams (pleasantly non-committal)
Let's hope that won't be necessary, sir.

34
(ONT'D
(3)

Morbius is about to burst out at him-- but then suddenly he seems to grow anxious. He takes Adams by the arm, and walks him out alone onto the terrace. TRUCK THEM IN TWO SHOT.

Morbius
Commander, exactly what is involved in your making contact with Earth-Base?

Adams (happily technical)
Fundamentally it's a question of power-- $16 \times 365 \times 24 \times 60^2 \times 186000$ is the crude mathematics of it. Now a transmitter that'll short-circuit the continuum on that level isn't exactly standard equipment. We'll have to cannibalize about two-thirds of the ship's electronic gear to build one-- and then cut in the main pile to juice it.
(pondering)
We carry the special spare parts, and everything right there in Appendix F. of the Space Manual, but I've never heard of it being done operationally.

Morbius
How long will you be disabled?

Adams (covertly alert)
Just baking the adobe baffles to house the pile could take ten days or so.

Morbius (stopping, appalled)
Ten days and nights?!
(very urgent)
Wouldn't two-inch lead shielding do as well?

Adams (laughing)
Better-- if we happened to be carrying 500 square yards of the stuff.

Morbius
I'll have Bobby run it off for you! It
will be delivered not later than noon
tomorrow.

Adams studies him for a moment.

Adams
That's very obliging of you, sir--
considering how you feel about our
visit.

Morbius (staring at
him)
How I feel!?

He swings Adams about by the arm,
and points down c.s. over the balus-
trade.

HIGH ANGLE - LONG SHOT - LOWER TERRACE

35

A little cemetery of a dozen or so
headstones, deeply overgrown with grass
and flowers. One larger, whiter stone
stands apart by itself.

Morbius (c.s.)
The BELEPHONE party, Commander.

MEDIUM SHOT - UPPER TERRACE

36

Adams is looking thoughtfully at the
cemetery.

Morbius (deadly
serious)
I dug these graves myself nineteen years
ago, and I have, believe me, no wish to
repeat the experience.

Adams studies him for a moment, is
about to say something when the jeep
draws up at the entrance steps in b.g.,
with Bobby in front as before.

Adams

Well sir, there's your boy with the station wagon.

(shaking hands)

Thanks for your courtesy and concern.

TRUCK then back to the steps, where they meet the others emerging from the house.

Farman (to Alta)

So long, Alta-- see you again maybe.

(effusively shaking Morbius' hand)

And thank you, sir.

Doc (also shaking hands)

Very pleasant lunch, Dr. Morbius.

Morbius (unexpectedly wistful)

To tell the truth, Doctor, I sometimes still miss the conversation of such men as yourself.

The Doc starts to speak, but then simply gives a smile and a friendly nod. Adams has been looking steadily at Alta. As their eyes meet, he turns, and leads the way down to the jeep. As Morbius stands looking after them, Alta comes up and takes his arm. In b.g. the officers get into the jeep, fasten their seat belts.

Farman (cheerfully)

Stand by to accelerate!

As they take off with a lurch in b.g., TRUCK UP into CLOSE SHOT MORBIUS thoughtfully looking after them. After a moment he glances down c.s. at his daughter. His expression sets slowly. PAN TO INCLUDE Alta's face as she too looks after the departing jeep. Without knowing it, she is smiling faintly, Morbius gravely studies her face.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. NIGHT - LONG SHOT (MINIATURE) - SPACE SHIP 37

standing on the desert, the stars behind it, and two spectacular moons. The spiral stairway is lighted, and two motionless sentries are on guard.

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - THE BRIDGE

The deck below is unlighted, and Adams and the Doc are quietly having a goodnight pipe.

Doc (after some moments)

You know, Skipper, there are still two or three questions I'd like to have answered.

Adams (pondering, puffing)

Yes-- her tiger for instance.

Doc looks startled for a moment then, hides a grin by pretending to relight his pipe.

Doc

Personally I still favor the medieval explanation.

Adams (faintly suspicious)

You mean it?

Doc (nodding)

Plenty of old superstitions have their roots in real science. Take alchemy-- the magical transmutation of baser metals into gold.

Adams

Just one of the by-products of atomic fission nowadays.

Doc

And nowadays every schoolboy can tell you that the brain sends out tiny electric impulses-- and of course the brain itself is monitored by the glandular system.

Adams (interested)

So?

Doc

So, Commander, you take an exceptionally fine human brain in a totally unawakened female body--

(leaning forward)

-- isn't it just conceivable that its quantum waves could set up some special and soothing resonance in the reflex patterns of a wild animal?

Adams sits puffing his pipe, musing, with the usual severity gone from his face.

Adams

It will be quite a pity, won't it, when the time comes she has to lose a gift like that!

Doc (grave-- and moved)

I guess it will.

(watching Adams' face)

But every now and then even a very fine thing can be replaced by.....something still finer.

Adams
For instance?

Doc (reticently)
Love.

Adams thinks about it, with his expression
unprecedentedly gentle. Then he stands up.

Adams
You're quite a heart specialist, Doc.
(knocking his pipe out)
Well, we have a big day tomorrow--

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
EXT. DAY - MED. SHOT - SHIP'S PEDESTAL

39

The ponderous housing is being opened by a
"Hot Crew" in radiation armor. The bosun's
face is visible in one of the helmets.

Bosun (through diaphragm)
Easy with that pile! Our magnetron coils aren't
going to take us home without a core unit!

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Adams. Simultaneously
the cook CROSSES diagonally through b.g.

Adams
Out of there, Cook! That whole area's hot!

Cook (tremendously military)
Aye aye, sir, Commander! Sorry sir!

As he scuttles o.s., looking somehow furtive--

Doc (entering)
Back up yourself, Skipper.
(extending his pocket geiger)
Look at that!

The counter is clicking rapidly. PAN them
away together. After a few yards they meet
Robby, carrying a huge stack of metal slabs
which he balances one-handed like a waiter.

Robby
Where do you wish the shielding stacked, sir?

Adams
Right by the core there.
(twinkling slightly)
I expect you're immune to radiation burns.

The Doc has been staring at Robby's load.

39
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
Wait a minute! That's solid lead he's holding.

Robby (a bit patronizing)
Common lead would have crushed the jeep, sir.
This is my morning's run of isotope 217--
(moving o.s.)

-- the whole thing hardly comes to thirty tons.

On the point of speaking, the Doc notices that Adams' eyes are fixed o.s. PAN INTO LONG SHOT THE JEEP parked in b.g. Alta is rather hesitantly getting out as Farman hurries toward her.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE JEEP

40

Farman
Alta! Does your father know you're out?

Alta (mischievous)
He did tell me not to go near the ship-- but of course this isn't very near.

At the same moment she catches sight of Adams o.s., reacts visibly.

Farman (hastily taking her arm)
Well, let's stay on the right side of the law.
(starting to draw her away)
There's the prettiest clump of palm trees right around the corner of that sand dune.

Alta (eyes on Adams o.s.)
But Lieutenant, I've seen palm trees.

Farman (firmly)
Not my palm trees you haven't!

MEDIUM SHOT - ADAMS AND DOC

41

Adams is openly glowering. The Doc represses a grin, and prudently withdraws. Just as Adams starts after Farman and Alta, Quinn comes down INTO THE SHOT along the ramp in b.g.

Quinn
Excuse me, Commander--

Adams (reluctantly stopping)
What is it, Chief?

Quinn (nodding toward ship)
If you'd like to check my first assembly of the
monitoring unit for the transmitter?

41
CONT'D
(2)

Adams (eyes still o.s.)
Already? That's great.

Still looking o.s., he starts up the spiral
stair. BOOM! him and Quinn slowly together.
On the ground below, in b.g., there is a
considerable assortment of electrical equip-
ment, with a small crew lining it up.

Adams (wincing slightly)
Aren't those the condensers out of my accelerator
circuits?

Quinn (cheerful)
Yes sir. And I borrowed the solenoids from the
gyro-stabilizers.

Adams winces again, enters ship with Quinn.

MEDIUM PAN SHOT - DOC

42

glancing o.s. after Adams, and then in the
direction where Farman and Alta have disap-
peared. He looks amused but worried.
After a few steps, he bumps into Robby who
stands motionless. A small radar antenna
has come up out of Robby's dome, and is
slowly rotating.

Doc (insinuatingly)
Well Robby, scanning for your young lady?

Robby
Just located her, sir.
(moving o.s.)
Pardon me.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

INT. MED. SHOT - COMMUNICATIONS COMPARTMENT

43

Quinn and Adams inspecting a small but
impressive assembly of electronic equipment,
fastened to an aluminum chassis.

Quinn (the enthusiast)
Is that beautiful, sir!? Any quantum mechanic in
the service would give the rest of his life for a
chance to play with this gadget!

Suddenly Adams CROSSES to the stair, but
then stops a short way down.

43
CONT'D
(2)

Adams (indicating monitor)
Better leave it in here till we're ready to transmit
tomorrow. Wouldn't do for some fool to fall into
it out there in the dark.

Quinn shudders at the mere thought. As Adams
disappears down the stair--

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CLOSE PAN SHOT - THE ROBOT

44

Moving through sand and scrub. Suddenly
there is a hiss c.s. He stops, looks.

REVERSE ANGLE - MEDIUM SHOT - THE COOK

45

lurking behind a clump of scrub growth.

Cook (cautiously beckoning)
Pssst! Over here! Just a second-- will you?

Robby (entering SHOT)
Can I be of service, sir?

The cook hastily draws him in out of sight.

Cook (patronizing the "native")
Never mind the "sir", Mister. But I'm a stranger
on this so-called planet.

(lowering his voice)
I was just wonderin' if you could tip me off to
where a guy can get home of some of the real stuff.

Robby
Real stuff?

Cook (righteous)
Just for cockin' purposes, y'understand-- I take
a big pride in my docties.

Robby
Pardon me, sir-- stuff?

Cook (producing a small flask)
Oh. Here-- just about one jolt left-- genuine
Kansas City bourbon!

Robby takes the flask, removes the top-- and
tilts the whiskey into himself.

Cook (pop-eyed)
Why, you low-livin' contraption! Hawgin' down a
nan's last drink on him!

45
CONT'D
(2)

Robby (severely)
Quiet please. I am analyzing.
(a loud, chemical burp)
Hm. Relatively simple alcohol molecules.
(to cook)
Would fifty or sixty gallons be sufficient?

Cook (dazed with glory)
Gallons?
(then hastily covering up)
Yeah. Sure. Sixty or seventy gallons ought to
about do for now.
(grabbing Robby's arm)
Of course this is strictly confidential between us,
y'understand! I-- I--

His words trail off. He stands contemplating
an idea which seems too beautiful to be possible.

Robby
Sir?

Cook (hoarse with hope)
Well the fact is, I-- I was just sort of wonderin' if
you could maybe see your way clear to puttin' me
next to-- to, well, a little female companionship.
(anxiously)
Y'understand what a female is, don't you?

Robby
Perfectly, sir.
(looking him over)
How many will you be needing?

Cook (scandalized)
Now wait a minute, Mister! I'm just a plain guy, and
one at a time is plenty!

Robby (reflecting)
Would tomorrow do?

Cook (excitedly pointing a.s.)
Yeah! Right over in behind them bushes.
(showing wristwatch)
At 1700 on the nose!

Robby
On the nose, sir. Thank you, sir.

Dook (tears in his eyes) 45
 Mister, I've been from here to there in this galaxy, CONT'D
 and I want to say that you're the most understandin' (3)
 soul I ever met up with!

(extending his hand)

Press flesh!

He is disconcerted to find himself grasping
 the business-end of a heavy metal-cutter.

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - A DENSE CLUMP OF PALM TREES

46

overhanging a little gulley.

Alta's Voice (clear and
 reasonable)

But why should people want to kiss each other?

TRUCK in through trees, to REVEAL Farman and
 Alta facing each other.

Farman (a bit breathless)
 Just an old custom! All the really high civiliza-
 tions always go in for it.

Alta

But it's silly!

Farman
 Good for a person though-- stimulates the whole
 system. Nobody can be in tip-top health without.

Alta (impressed)
 Really? I didn't know that!

Farman (clearing his throat)
 I-- I'd be happy to show you--

Alta
 Thank you very much, Lieutenant.

Farman
 Please don't mention it.

He kisses her firmly. When it is over, she
 stands looking at him blankly.

Alta
 Is that all there is to it?

Farman (kissing her again)
 You have to sort of stick with it.
 (leaning back to observe the effect)
 Hm?

46
 CONT'D
 (2)

Alta (still dubious)
 Just one more-- would you mind?

Farman (hoarsely)
 Not at all.

He kisses her again-- very firmly indeed.

Alta (beginning to worry)
 Well, maybe there must be something the matter
 with me, because honestly I don't notice the
 least bit of stin--

(breaking off with a knowing laugh)
 Oh! You've just been teasing me about the
 whole thing!

Farman's jaw sets. Rather grimly he tosses
 his hat down on the sand.

Farman (taking her in his arms)
 Let's do this right, honey.

He gives her a long, earnest, and expert kiss.
 At the end of it there is still no reaction.

Farman (plaintively)
 Look! Am I getting the same treatment you gave
 that dumb unicorn?

Suddenly Alta starts slightly, with her eyes
 fixed o.s. PAM TO INCLUDE Adams, standing
 two or three yards away, with his hands
 clasped behind him, his chin down. and blood
 in his eye.

Adams (with frightful quiet)
 Lt. Farman.

Farman (sheepish)
 Sir?

Adams
 Is this the way you carry out your duties?

Farman
 Well, sir--

Adams
Silence! -- Is this the way you reflect honor
 and credit on the uniform?

Farman
Now look, Skipper-- !

Adams
Silence! For old times sake, Lieutenant,
I am trying to keep myself from holding a
court-martial on you!
(before Farman can speak)
Button your shirt!
(as Farman does)
Put on your hat!
(as Farman does this too)
Now-- dismissed!

Both men salute each other viciously,
and Adams watches Farman march all
the way o.s. Then he wheels on
Alta so unexpectedly that she flinches.

Adams (exploding)
As for you, look at you!
(examining her costume in bug-
eyed detail)
What did you expect anyway! . Displaying
yourself like that in front of a drooping
space-wolf like Farman! For Pete's sake,
woman, get home, and put on something
decent!

Alta is stunned for a moment. She
looks down incredulously at her own
loveliness-- and is simply furious.

Alta
What are you shouting about! What's the
matter with my clothes anyway?-- I thought
them up myself! And stop looking at me
like that-- I don't like it!

Adams (very bitter)
Ha.

Alta
What do you mean-- ha?
(placating)
After all, Commander, the Lieutenant and I
were simply trying to get a little healthy
stimulation from each other.

Adams stiffens for a moment, and shudders
strickenly, with his eyes closed. But
then he clasps his hands behind him, and
begins pacing up and down before her,
burning-eyed. Now Alta somehow begins
to sense what it is all about, and in-
stinctively clutches at herself wherever
the eyes tend to light.

Adams
So easy for you, isn't it! No
emotions-- no feelings at all
nothing that human would ever even
enter your mind. But I happen
to be--

(stopping so close that
she flinches)
-- in command of a bunch of thugs that
have been in hyper-space for three
hundred and seventy-eight days! And
nothing to keep them in line with--

(furiously slapping his
blaster)
-- except an ordinary G.I. blaster!
Why, it would serve you right if I--
(breaking off with a rasp)
Go on-- take off before I run you out
of the area under guard. --And I'll put
some more guards on the guards!

Alta is sputtering in fury. She
stamps with both feet, bursts
into tears, and runs sobbing o.s.
Adams stands scowling after her.
He now hates himself. He kicks
the sand sulkily.

DISSOLVE:

INT. NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - MORBIUS LIVING ROOM 47

Morbius sits in the armchair, very much
the bewildered father, as his daughter
paces up and down in a becoming temper.

Alta
I just hate him is all! I hate him! I'd
like to scratch him terribly! The way he kept
looking at me! He-- he shouted!

Morbius
But what about?

Alta
I-- I don't know really-- It was awful.
I was simply trying to show a little common
politeness to the Lieutenant--

Morbius (sitting up--
alert)
Oh? What did the Commander say?

Alta

Well, he-- he kept looking at me like that,
and he was simply furious. He seemed to
think all that information about biology
had something to do with me!-- personally
I mean! Honestly, I've never been so
nervous in my whole life!

(nervous explosion)

I never want to see him again if I live to
be four million!

Morbius (secretly relieved)

I dare say you won't need to.

(rising)

Best thing you can do is go to bed.

(Kissing her forehead)

I still have a little work in my study.
Good night, my dear.

Alta

Good night, Daddy.

Morbius (as she leaves)

You'll feel better in the morning.

Alta (over her shoulder)

Well, I certainly hope so!-- if I manage to
get to sleep, that is!

Morbius looks after her thoughtfully,
shrugs, CROSSES to his study door, and
opens it. There is a glimpse inside
of unpretentious bookshelves, filing
cabinets, etc. No windows, and no other
door. There is no apparent reason for
the secret joy on Morbius' face as he
closes the door after him.

DISSOLVE:

MEDIUM SHOT - ALTA'S BEDROOM

48

Simple but beautiful. Alta stands,
violently jerking the bell-pull. After
several moments Robby comes quietly in.

Alta

Where have you been!? I've run and rung.

Robby

Sorry, Miss. I was giving myself an oil job.

Alta (sympathetic)

Oh dear! The same old trouble?

Robby (his hand on the small of
his own back)
That unfortunate cloudburst last autumn.

48
CONT'D
(2)

Alta (hugging him)
Dear old Robby. You've been so kind and
patient ever since I was a baby.

Robby (dryly)
And what is it you require this time, Miss Alta?

Alta
Robby, I've got to have a new dress right away!

Robby (glancing at full
wardrobe)
Another?

Alta
But this one has to be different-- absolutely
nothing must show above, below, or through

Robby (mentally groping)
Radiation-proof?

Alta
Just eye-proof will do.

Robby
Thick and heavy.

Alta
Oh no no! It must be the loveliest, softest
thing you've ever made me!
(illustrating excitedly at mirror)
I want it to hang just so to about here, and
fit perfectly in all the right places--
(happily)
-- with lots and lots of star-sapphires!

Robby
We're fresh out of star-sapphires. Would emeralds
do?

Alta (martyred tones)
Well, if they're big enough.

Robby
Five, ten, and fifteen carats. I'll run the
dress up for you in time for breakfast, Miss.

He patiently endures Alta's impulsive hug.

Robby (leaving)
Sleep well, Miss.

Alta (calling after him)
Thanks!-- but I don't really care now whether
I do or not!

1.8
CONT'D
(3)

Smiling, she begins to undress, then stops,
thoughtfully switches the lights off. PAN
her over to the open window. She stands
looking out into the distance.

LAP DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT (PROCESS) - THE SPACE SHIP

49

Recognition lights on. In b.g. sky, the
two moons shine in different relationship.
Two sentries flank the foot of the flood-
lighted spiral stair-- The open half of the
pile housing is now enclosed with the lead
shielding. Presently (not exactly p.s.)
there is a SOUND OF MEASURED BREATHING,
quiet, and deep, and massive. As CAMERA
unhurriedly TRUCKS IN, the breathing
accompanies it, almost as though the CAMERA
were the Breather itself. As ADVANCING
CAMERA nears the sentries--

Crewman Strong (quietly)
Funny to see two moons in the sky.

Crewman Grey
Funny how quick we get used to it.

Crewman Strong
Yeah.

Crewman Grey has begun turning his head
slowly from side to side as CAMERA approaches
him.

Crewman Grey
Joe.

Crewman Strong
Yeah?

Crewman Grey
Do you hear something?

Crewman Strong
Like what?

Crewman Grey (puzzledly, as
CAMERA and breathing PASS BETWEEN them)
Like a sort of big-- breathing.

Crewman Grey (as CAMERA
LEAVES then behind)

49
CONT'D
(2)

Funny. I did.

CAMERA and breathing TRUCK FORWARD up the spiral stair, which rings and vibrates slightly as though under some great weight. As the breathing ENTERS the ship--

INT. CLOSE SHOT - LOWER DECK COMPARTMENT

50

It also rings and vibrates softly. As CAMERA BOOMS UP with the breathing, the special baggage hatch is pushed open so that it softly latches back. Then the hoist arm above is pushed aside with a faint creak. As CAMERA FOLLOWS the breathing up into the main deck, and then UP THE SPIRAL STAIR, it passes the silent sleepers in their hammocks. As the breathing goes on up into THE BRIDGE DOME--

Crewman Youngerford
(foggy, sitting up)
Who's there!?

No answer. As he falls back, grunts, and at once sleeps again--

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. DAY - CLOSE SHOT - THE BRIDGE -
COMMUNICATIONS COMPARTMENT - THE NEW MONITOR

51

completely smashed, as though great hooks have been dragged through it. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Quinn standing in the doorway, staring gloomily at the wreckage. PULL BACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT-- THE BRIDGE-- Adams and the Doc, now wearing tropical shorts, are seated side by side. The two guards of last night stand rigidly facing them. Youngerford is now with them.

Adams (grimly to guards)
Spacemen Strong and Grey: During your watch
this ship was entered, the heavy-duty hatch was
raised and latched back, and valuable govern-
ment property was sabotaged. You two men claim
to have been at your posts, and awake. Neither
of you saw anything, but you, Grey--

(bitterly)
-- heard "breathing".

(to third crewman)
Now you, Youngerford-- let's see: You were in
your hammock, but--

(very bitter)
-- you "think you had a dream".
(dropping his head between his hands)

A dream!

The men wait, almost breathless. Suddenly
Adams looks up, steely.

Adams
Pending further evidence, you are deprived of
space pay, and all privileges.

Crewman Youngerford (quavering)
Me too, sir?

Adams (savage)
"Me-Too-Sir" will stand twenty extra watches.
I'll have less dreaming aboard this ship!
(rasping)

Dismissed!

As the crewmen salute, about-face-- and
disappear down the ladder like firemen--

Adams (snapping)
Well, Quinn?

Quinn (pondering monitor)
Sir, about half of this gear we're able to
replace out of stores. The rest can be patched
up one way or another--

(holding out a shattered tube)
-- except the clystron frequency modulator.
(taking a big breath)

Now with every facility in the ship, I think
I may be able to rebuild it-- but frankly the
book says no. It came packed in liquid mer-
cury in a suspended grav field. It--

Adams
So it's impossible. How long will it take you?

Quinn (brightening)
Well, sir, if I don't stop for breakfast-- !

Adams (rising)
Get on it.

Quinn (beaming)
Thank you, Commander!

Adams nods to the Doc, and they CROSS
to the spiral stair. The following
speeches are SHOT IN ALTERNATE CLOSEUPS
as they climb down through the shadowy
levels below.

Adams
I figure his motive is clear enough.

Doc
Sure-- he doesn't feel like being jerked back
to Base.

Adams
Maybe he doesn't even feel like facing a full-
dress investigation right here.

Doc
Question is-- how did he do it?

EXT. MED. SHOT - SPIRAL STAIR, AS THEY
EMERGE

52

The bosun is waiting.

Adams
Tractor ready, Bosun?

Bosun (pointing toward b.g.)
Waiting and fueled, sir.

PAN them rapidly down the stair.

Adams
Let's go, Doc-- we'll drop up to his house for
a little snoop.

Farman has met them at the foot of stair.

Farman
Half a minute, while I change into a clean shirt.

Adams (stiffly)
Better stay in the dirty one. I'm leaving you in
command here.

Farman stares at him bitterly.

Farman (sneering slightly)
How does it feel to have to pull rank for it?

52
CONT'D
(2)

Adams' face sets dangerously.

Adams
You're right on the edge of insubordination,
Lieutenant.

They stand eye-to-eye. Farman would like
to talk back-- but controls it, glaring.

Adams (winner by default)
You will establish a standard perimeter, and set
up a Class A alert.

Farman (furiously correct)
I respectfully submit that the order is impossible,
sir.

Adams
Impossible!?
(glancing toward shielding, etc.)
Oh-- yes. We can't be on "stand-by-to-lift-
ship" with our A.P. unshipped. All right,
space lawyer, carry out your orders with that
qualification.

(revealing his own anger)
-- And I want that alert in force before sundown!

Farman (viciously saluting)
Aye aye, sir!

Adams snaps it back at him, nods to the Doc.
PAN them to the Command Tractor. They get in,
the Doc taking the wheel. He starts to say
something, but when he glances over at Adams'
profile, he thinks better of it. As they
drive off--

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - THE MORBIUS HOUSE

53

A mysterious mechanical whine comes from it.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. FULL SHOT - LIVING ROOM - ROBBY

Standing on a floor-polishing attachment. As he moves solemnly up and down in a sort of jigging waltz, the top of his dome opens, and the antenna comes out, starts to scan. After a moment Robby switches off the polisher, steps down off it, and puts it away in a closet. TRUCK him out to the front door-- which he opens just as Adams is about to knock. Both officers start slightly.

Robby (admitting them)
Good morning, gentlemen.

Adams (entering)
I'd like to see Dr. Morbius.

TRUCK them into the living-room.

Robby
Morbius is in his study, sir-- never to be disturbed while that door is closed.

Adams
We'll wait.

He and the Doc sit down, facing study door.

Robby
Miss Altaira is in the garden if you'd care to be announced, sir.

Adams (nervously)
No! No thanks! This is business.

Robby
May I serve you something, gentlemen?

Doc
A little early.
(glancing at study door)
Is there any other way out of there?

Robby
This is the only door.
(setting a tiny bell on the table)
In case you require anything, gentlemen.

As he exits o.s. on well-oiled joints--

Doc (looking after him)
How could he have got in past two sentries!

Adams (starting slightly)
Huh?

The Doc sees that Adams is preoccupied with trying to see out the garden window.

54
CONT'D
(2)

Doc (grinning slyly)
Nothing important, Skipper.

Adams crosses and uncrosses his legs several times.

Adams (still rubber-necking)
Think I ought to go out and question the girl?

Doc (mischievously dead-pan)
About what, Skipper?

Adams (stiffening)
About sabotaging the transmitter of course!

Doc
I don't think she'd know about it.

Adams (miserable)
Well, she-- she might!
(as he gets no answer)
.....mightn't she?

Doc (cruelly twinkling)
These major decisions are your responsibility, sir. I'm sorry.

Adams (jumping up)
Very well! You stay right here, and watch that door. We don't want to miss him.

Doc (drily)
Okay, Skipper. When Morbius comes out, I'll call you-- from right here.

TRUCK Adams eagerly but tensely out onto the terrace. After a moment, he stops suddenly, eyes fixed o.s.

REVERSE ANGLE - LOW SHOT - A NATURAL SWIMMING POOL 55

Alta's capped head and bare shoulders visible as she swims. TRUCK FORWARD INTO MEDIUM SHOT. Presently Adams ENTERS, stands on the bank.

Adams (nervously hailing)
Good morning!

Alta looks up, startled but not displeased.

Adams (resolutely pleasant)
That really looks cool! Think I'll have a dip
myself-- if you don't mind, that is.

55
CONT'D
(2)

Alta (starting to smile)
Well at least you can't criticise my costume
this morning!

During the following, Adams shucks his shirt,
kicks off his shoes, and stands only in his
tropical shorts.

Adams
I'm sorry for the way I spoke yesterday. You
see, it was kind of a shock to me when--

Still speaking, he launches himself in a long
dive.

MED. SHOT - WATER - ALTA

56

As Adams fetches up beside her, tossing
the hair out of his eyes.

Alta (as both laugh).
What a marvelous dive!

Adams
This is really nice!
(then growing solemn)
Gosh, you look wonderful.

But just as she starts to look pleased,
he stops in mid-phrase, with his mouth
open, staring down at her under-water
portions in utter horror and incredulity.

Adams
Alta! Where's your bathing suit!?

Alta (recoiling-- plaintive)
What's a bathing-suit!? Oh, you make me so nervous!

Adams does not hear this because he is
already heading for the bank at a racing-
stroke. PAN. He scrambles out, stands
with his back rigidly turned. TRUCK IN.

Adams (over his shoulder)
Come on! Hurry up now! Get out of there!

Alta (c.s.)
I will not! You're shouting again.

Adams
Hurry! Somebody might come along!

56
CONT'D
(2)

Alta (still o.s.)
Well, I certainly hope they do!

He hears her getting out behind him o.s.,
struggles with an impulse to glance over
his shoulder.

Adams
Do you always go swimming like that?

Alta (SOUNDS of dressing o.s.).
Like what?

Adams (softly to himself)
Oh murder!

The dressing continues o.s. He listens to it.

Alta (grieved)
I thought it was just my clothes you didn't like,
but I guess it's me personally.

Adams (melting)
Oh now Alta! You know better-- !

Alta
Then turn around and look at me!

Adams turns slowly, not knowing what to expect.
As he reacts strongly to what he sees o.s., PAM
to INCLUDE Alta, just removing her bathing cap,
and shaking her hair down. Robby's new dress is
not in the least transparent-- it does not need
to be, for it clings like the scales of a
tropical fish. There are lots and lots of
emeralds on it. Adams stares weakly at her.

Alta (growing anxious)
But nothing shows through now, does it?
(as he simply goes on staring)

Don't you like it?
(as he still stares)
I had it made just for you specially.

This completes the job. With so much
beauty so available, the Commander's better
nature is putting up a final weak-kneed struggle.

Adams (stepping toward her)
Alta!

Alta (expectant)
Yes?

Adams (stopping short)
-- What kind of work does your father do?

Alta (greatly disappointed)
Work? Oh dear, I don't know. He just goes into his study and-- and works.

Adams
But you haven't any idea-- ?

Alta (shaking her head)
He says I'm terribly ignorant. All he could ever get through my head is poetry, and mathematics, and geology, and physics, and chemistry, and bi--

She catches it, breaks off, glances sidelong at him.

Adams (wanly smiling)
-- ology?
(as she nods)
But mostly on the theoretical side?

Alta
Well naturally-- so far.

Adams (hopelessly)
Oh.

Alta
So what's wrong with theory?

Adams
Ever try to swim by theory?

Alta
Oh dear! Is it that complicated?

Adams
No, it's just as simple as--
(helplessly looking her over)
-- drowning.

Alta (not meeting the look)
I suppose you've done quite a good deal of that kind of swimming.

Adams (wryly)
Me? In my job! I've spent about a quarter of my life in hyper-space-- dreaming about it.

They stand looking into each other's faces, on the edge of going into an embrace, but neither is quite up to making the first move. Suddenly Alta comes alert, as she sees something behind Adams.

REV. ANG. - LONG SHOT - THE TIGER
prowling through the shrubberies.

57

NEW ANG. - FULL SHOT (PROCESS)

58

Alta
Careful! He doesn't know you.

She steps in front of Adams as the tiger emerges from the shrubbery. But this time the huge beast comes out belly-to-earth, with his eyes set in a fixed glare on Alta's face.

Adams

Alta!

As the tiger charges toward her with a roar--

TWO SHOT - ADAMS AND ALTA

59

He draws her to him with one arm, and fires his blaster o.s. She stares for a moment in horror, then hides her face against Adams' shoulder.

Adams

I'm sorry. I had to do it.

Alta (clinging to him)

But he But he didn't know me any more! He would have killed me!

(looking up frantically)

What was the matter, Commander? Tell me! What's become of my power!? What has happened to me?

Adams (gentle, holding her)

You really don't know?

Alta (wildly)

No! No I don't! I don't!

He draws her to him, kisses her hard on the mouth.

Adams

Know now?

Alta (looking into his face)

Yes.....I know now.

As they kiss again--

INT. MED. SHOT - LIVING ROOM - DOC

lounging in an armchair, blowing smoke rings at the ceiling. Adams enters purposefully.

Adams (indicating closed door)
Is he still in there?

Doc (shrugging)
Hasn't come out.
(as Adams CROSSES to door)
Now wait a minute, Skipper! After all, this is his house-- !

Adams stops, looks back at him.

Adams
Something has just been added.

The Doc does not get it for a moment-- then follows Adams' eyes toward the garden.

Doc (soberly)
Oh. I'd offer my congratulations-- but I expect this makes things kind of rough for you.

Adams (grim)
And for him-- if he's guilty of anything.

Doc (thoughtful)
That's quite an answer-- if you're sure you can live up to it.

Adams shoots him a glaring look, and knocks on the closed door. There is no answer. Adams knocks more loudly. Still no answer. They glance at each other. Adams tries the handle, finds it unlocked, pushes the door open. TRUCK them into the study together. The room is empty. They stare at each other.

Doc
Not even a window!

Adams
The robot lied! Morbius was never in here.
(thinking about it)
Doc, he's up to something!

He starts to leave, but the Doc has just discovered a sheet of paper on the desk.

Doc
Look at this, Skipper.

INTERCUT CLOSE SHOT-- THE SHEET OF PAPER.
It is covered with an unknown script.

60
CONT'D
(2)

Adams (blank)

What is it?

Doc (shaking his head)

Some kind of hieroglyphics, but it's not Egyptian,
or cuneiform, or Chinese, or--

At this moment there is a quiet sound o.s.
As they wheel about, PAN TO INCLUDE the inner
wall of the study, just sliding back, to
REVEAL the mouth of a tunnel-- a low arch
about five and a half feet high by twelve
wide. Dr. Morbius is emerging from it.
He sees them as he straightens, stands
glaring in astonishment.

Morbius (biting contempt)

Officers and gentlemen!

(advancing slowly)

You will find the household silver in the dining
room - and my daughter's jewelry is usually on
her dressing-table.

Adams

You can stow that, Morbius! Last night our clystron
monitor was sabotaged. Now it's time for a lot of
explanations.

Morbius, (indignant astonishment)

You suspect me?

(more quietly)

Then, as you say, the time has come for clarification.

(glancing toward the tunnel-mouth)

Since you have penetrated so far-- sit down and
listen.

They obey quietly, with their eyes fixed on
his face. Morbius begins measuredly pacing
up and down. There is now a special sort
of dignity about him.

Morbius

In times long past this planet was the home of a
mighty and noble race of beings which called them-
selves The Krell.

(as the officers slowly sit up)

Ethically as well as technologically, they were a
million years in advance of humankind, for in
unlocking the mysteries of creation, they had
conquered even the evil and cruelty in their
own natures.

(as Doc nods, smiling slightly)

And when, in the course of eons, they had abolished
sickness, and insanity, and crime, and all injustice,
they turned-- still with high benevolence-- outward

Morbius (continuing)
Before the dawn of man's history, they walked
our earth, and brought back many biological
specimens--

60
CONT'D
(3)

Adams (beginning to see light)
Of course! That tiger-- the deer-- those birds
from Asia and Africa!

Morbius (gravely ironical)
Though evidently our own bestial primitive
ancestors were beneath the notice of the Krell.

His face grows sadder. He sits down.

Morbius
Then, seemingly upon the threshold of some
supreme accomplishment, which was to have
crowned the efforts of their entire history,
this all but divine race perished utterly
in a single night.

(as the others react)
In the 2000 centuries since that unknown
catastrophe, even their cloud-piercing towers
of glass, and porcelain, and adamant steel
have crumbled back into the soil of Altair-4.
All that remains above ground is this range of
foothills where we stand-- material excavated
from a single engineering project.

Doc (in awe)
What were they like?

Morbius (sadly)
No record of their physical nature has survived--
(nodding toward tunnel-mouth)
-- except perhaps in the form of that character-
istic arch. I suggest that you consider it in
comparison to one of our functionally-shaped human
doorways.

The officers turn, and stare at the tunnel-
mouth. Abstractedly, the Doc picks up a
pencil. TRUCK IN slightly to give a glimpse
over his shoulder as he sketches-- first, the
outline of a common doorway, with a one-line
diagram of a man standing in it-- then the Krell
arch, with a suggestion of a crab-like or spider-
like creature framed in it. But before the
sketch is complete, the Doc's hand impulsively
crumples the paper in revulsion.

They rise, follow him into the tunnel.
TRUCK. After a few yards they are stopped
by a huge circular metal lock, like the
door of a bank-vault.

61
CONT'D
(2)

Morbius (rapping it).
Krell metal. Try your blaster on it, Commander.

Rather gingerly, Adams complies. As he
stops--

Adams
That spot ought to be molten!

Morbius (laying his hand
on it)
Scarcely warm.

(as Doc checks with Ceiger.
And no radio activity. The molecules are many
times more densely interlocked than in any earthly
steel, and yet it drinks up energy like a sponge.

He manipulates the combination. Automatically
the ponderous door swings open. TRUCK them
through. They are in an electro-physics
laboratory, neither especially large, nor
fantastically equipped. Rather it is
practical-looking. However, all the seats
are exceptionally low and wide, with four
separate arm-rests set at right angles on
each side. The only source of light is the
luminous ceiling.
TRUCK SLOWLY.

Morbius
This was one of their laboratories-- I should judge
an important one. You will notice that much of
the equipment is familiar--
(indicating seats, etc.)
-- although designed for non-human technicians.
(smiling)
Working here, I sometimes wish I had been blessed with
multiple arms and legs.

ADVANCING CAMERA has now OPENED OUT a side
alcove, with two fairly bulky fixtures in it.
One is something like a large, low office desk,
with a ground-glass panel set in it at an
angle. A keyboard below. The other is a low,
hexagonal table, with a strange-looking electri-
cal installation at each of its six corners.
This has a small console of rheostats, etc.

Adams
What are these two devices?

With a look of peculiar happiness, Morbius
lays his hand gravely on the desk-like object.

Morbius
On this screen may be projected the total scientific
knowledge of the Krell race, from its primitive
beginnings to the day of its annihilation-- a sheer
bulk surpassing many million earthly libraries.....
but I do not even know the storage place of all
those ancient tons of microfilm.

He begins manipulating the massive keyboard.
Successive pages of hieroglyphics are pro-
jected from inside upon the ground-glass panel.

Doc (eagerly)
You're able to read this?

Morbius
A little. It's my profession.

He presses new buttons. A page of geometrical
diagrams appears, with hieroglyphic annotations.

Morbius
Twenty years ago I began here with this page of
geometrical theorems. Eventually I was able to
deduce most of their huge logical alphabet. I
began to learn.

(smiling)
The first practical result was that robot of mine
which you both appear to find so remarkable.

(then serious again)
Child's play, gentlemen! I have come here every
day now for two decades, painfully picking up a few
of the least difficult fragments of their knowledge--
but still I am like an illiterate savage, wandering
at random through some stupendous scientific institute,
and comprehending not a thousandth part of all the
piled-up wonders.

Adams (deeply stirred)
This is too big to evaluate! Think what this dis-
covery is going to mean-- !

The Doc glances at Morbius, and hastily
interrupts.

Doc (indicating second machine)
What's this other one, Dr. Morbius?

Morbius (smiling, shrugging)
 I call it their "plastic educator". As far as I
 can make out, they used it to condition and test
 their young-- much as we employ finger-painting
 among our kindergarden children. Sometimes I
 play with it myself for relaxation.

61
 CONT'D
 (14)

He sits down in the low, broad seat, begins
 adjusting an oddly-shaped system of electrodes
 to his own head.

Morbius
 Of course this head-set was not designed for the
 human cranium--

He throws one of the two switches. Lights
 flash on in a wall panel, consisting of
 many rows of tiny electric bulbs.

Morbius
 There you see the electro-magnetic waves of my brain
 activating about a third of those lights. I gather
 that one of their own young, comparable to a seven-
 year-old child, was normally expected to light up
 the entire panel.

(wryly ironical)
 Which, by Krell standards, classifies me as a low-grade
 moron-- and I have a human I.Q. rating of 141.
 (releasing a safety lock, and throwing
 a second switch)

Now to operate--

(beginning to manipulate rheostats)
 If you don't mind, I'll demonstrate with a familiar
 subject in order to save time.

As he starts to concentrate, there is a faint
 sparking of the electrical devices at the
 table corners. Presently a shadowy disturb-
 ance appears at the common focus of all six.
 It clouds, and whirls, and seems to coagulate.

Adams (watching, intent)
 What's that? What's happening there!
 (as the whirling suddenly clears)
 Look-- it's a doll!-- it's a little statue!
 -- It's Altaira!

Standing on the table now, as though enclosed
 in a block of clear plastic, there is a thirty-
 inch color replica of Altaira.

Morbius (manipulating)
 Simply a three-dimensional image, Commander.

Doc
It seems alive!

61
CONT'D
(5)

Morbius
Because my daughter lives in my brain from
micro-second to micro-second as I operate.

Adams (half resentful)
It's a hypnotic trick.

Morbius
You will notice how the image blurs when I allow
my attention to be distracted by your conversation.

Doc
It's true. A hypnotic image would have remained
steady.

After another moment or two Morbius sweeps
his hand across the console. The image
disappears, and Morbius leans back, removing
the head set.

Morbius (shaking his head)
There. Something of a strain.

Both officers have been deeply impressed.

Doc
Aladdin's lamp in a physics laboratory!

Morbius (blandly)
Would you gentlemen care to take the Krell test
of your intelligence?

Adams
Very much!

Morbius (repressing a twinkle)
I'm afraid you may be a trifle disappointed, Commander.
Suppose we begin with the good Doctor.

Doc (not too eager)
What do I do?

Morbius (closing safety catch)
Just sit down here.
(adjusting electrodes to Doc's head)
There-- now throw the first switch.

The Doc obeys. His face falls comically as
the currents of his brain light up less than
half as many lights as Morbius had done.

Doc (as Adams grins)
Something's wrong here! At Luna Port my
official I. Q. is 148-- that's seven points
higher than yours, Dr. Morbius-- yet I don't
light up half the area that you did!

61
CONT'D
(6)

Morbius (enigmatically smiling)
Now the Commander--

Adams replaces the Doc at the machine, and
Morbius adjusts the electrodes.

Morbius
Now.

Adams throws the switch, and stares stupified.
His brain has activated even fewer of the
lights than did the Doc's-- not half a dozen.

Doc (chuckling)
Never mind, Skipper! A commanding officer doesn't
need brains-- just a good loud voice!

Adams (ignoring this)
Now what do I do to make an image?
(fumbling at safety catch)
Throw this one?

Morbius (catching Adams' hand)
Stop! You'd never survive it.
(indicating panel)
Our BEIEREPHON commander tried this machine with a
mentality of that sort, and--if you'll pardon my
saying so-- it was instantly fatal to him.

Adams (rising, cold)
I see.

Morbius (eager to explain)
In my own first attempt at creating an image here,
my brain pattern on that panel was hardly larger
than yours, Doctor-- and I lay unconscious for a
day and a night.

Doc (amused respect)
And you came back for a second go at it?

Morbius (unpretentious)
It was a question of science, Doctor. -- You
may then imagine my joy when I discovered that
the shock had permanently doubled my intellectual
capacity.

(CROSSING to library projector)
Otherwise my researches here-- poor as they have
been-- must have come to almost nothing.

As he lays his hand on the projector,
the deep, quiet enthusiasm returns
to him.

61
CONT'D
(7)

Morbius

This wonderful, tantalizing box of secrets,
gentlemen! Recently I have come across some
puzzling indications that in those final
days before their annihilation, the Krell
were applying their entire racial energies
to a new project-- one which they seemed
to hope might somehow free them once for all
from any physical dependence upon instrument-
alities.

Doc (his forehead puckered)
A civilization without instrumentalities? I'm
afraid I don't quite follow.

Morbius(troubled
himself)

Grantedly, the concept as stated appears to
have little allowable meaning.

(brightening again)

But by next year I ought to have more
completely mastered their indexing system.
Then perhaps matters will progress more
rapidly.

During the last interchange, Adams has been
watching Morbius more and more skeptically.

Adams (faintly smiling)

Don't you think we've had about enough parlor
magic, Dr. Morbius?

Doc

Skipper!

Morbius (quietly facing Adams)
Perhaps I don't understand you, sir.

Adams (open contempt)

Why, everything here is absolutely brand-new!
Look-- not a sign of age or wear on any of it.

Morbius (unruffled)

Young man, these devices, self-serviced and self-maintained, have stood exactly as you see them for nearly 200,000 years. When our party first entered here there was not even a speck of dust.

61
CONT'D
(8)

Adams

And during all that time, where did the power come from?

Morbius

A very good question.

As though half reluctant, he turns slowly, points o.s. PAN TO REVEAL the hitherto disregarded inner wall of the laboratory. It is entirely covered with rows of electric gauges. At the center, there is a second low arch.

Morbius (continuing)

Let me draw your attention to these gauges. Their markings indicate that they are set in decimal series-- each one recording exactly ten times as many amperes as the one preceding it.

(impressive, as they stare)

Ten times ten, times ten, times ten, and on and on - row after row!

(switching library projector)

There is no direct wiring here that I can discover. Yet when I activate this machine, that dial at the lower left-hand corner registers infinitesimally.

INSERT CLOSE SHOT - THE GAUGE

62

its needle quivering.

Morbius (o.s.)

And when I add the plastic educator, now it registers a little more.

The needle advances very slightly.

MED. SHOT

63

Morbius switches off both machines. TRUCK them IN toward gauges.

Doc (deeply excited)

But that much is negligible. The total potential here must be nothing less than astronomical!

Morbius (very grave)
Nothing less. The number ten raised almost literally to the nth power of infinity!

63
CONT'D
(2)

(indicating arch)
Now if you will step through here, as the Krell technicians once used to do--

As they all stoop, and go through--

LONG SHOT - (PROCESS) - NEXT ROOM

64

The CAMERA is LOOKING down a softly-lighted corridor which runs directly off to the vanishing point. It is packed with metal electronic units on both sides, so that the effect is something like seeing a modern automatic telephone exchange in opposed mirrors. The three men ENTER FROM BEHIND CAMERA. When they speak even very quietly, every word echoes uncannily.

Morbius (pointing down corridor)
Twenty miles!
(turning, pointing again at right-angles)
Twenty miles!

PAN through 90 degrees to a second vista, identical to the first. As they stare at each other in silence, they begin to hear faint mechanical clicks on all sides.

Adams (a whisper)
Listen! - circuits opening and closing.

Morbius
They never rest.

He leads them out upon a sort of flying bridge, which is cantilevered out over a large open shaft. Now their hair and clothing is stirred by a steady up-draft.

Morbius
One of the ventilator shafts. You can feel the warm air rising. Look down.

(as they draw back)
Look down, gentlemen! Are you afraid?

Against every instinct in their bodies, they grip the hand-rail, and look down. Sweat comes out on their faces.

HIGH ANGLE VERTICAL LONG SHOT - DOWN THE
VENTILATOR SHAFT

65

Just at the vanishing point, there is a faintly
pulsing pin-point of violet blue light.

Morbius Voice (o.s.)
7800 levels - twenty miles straight down!

MED. SHOT - THE THREE MEN

66

as they shrink back, sick and dazed.

Doc
That little dot of blue light way down there at the
bottom - what's that?

Morbius switches on a small TV set.

Morbius
The batteries of thermo-nuclear reactors - the
leashed power of an exploding planetary system!

As TV screen is activated, TRUCK IN slightly:
A FULL SHOT (MINIATURE PROCESS) - MULTIPLE
PAIRS OF ATOMIC FURNACES in Egyptian perspective,
glowing balefully blue.

Morbius (watching the officers)
A single machine, a cube twenty miles on each side!
For two thousand centuries it has waited patiently
here, tuning and lubricating itself, replacing
worn parts. I have reason to believe that six
years ago it performed a minor alteration throughout
the entire 8000 cubic miles of its own fabric.

Adam (after a silence)
But - what's it for?

Morbius glances at him, and looks away.

Morbius (oddly evasive)
Sometimes the gauges register a little when the
buck deer fight in the autumn, or when the birds
pass over in the spring. And nearly a whole
line became active when your ship first approached
from space.

Adams
I asked you - what's it for!?

Morbius stands gripping the railing, staring down into the abyss.

66
CONT'D
(2)

Morbius (haggard and haunted)
I don't know! In twenty years I have been able to form absolutely no conception at all.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. NIGHT - FULL SHOT - THE CAMP

67

The whole area is now flood-lighted. A high, steel-mesh fence has been set up all around the spaceship, and a considerable strip outside cleared of undergrowth. Armed crewmen are patrolling inside the fence. Farman and the Bosun stand in f.g. looking everything over.

Farman

Very good, Bosun.
(pointing across perimeter)
Maybe one more light over on that side.

Bosun

Aye aye, sir.

Farman

Is the juice on in the fence?

The Bosun takes a bit of string out of his pocket, tosses it across the top of the fence. It sparkles, bursts into flame, and turns to black ash.

Bosun

There you are, sir.

Farman

Thank you, Bosun.

The Bosun salutes, about-faces, and walks o.s. As Farman turns, he finds himself face to face with the cook.

Cook (magnificently saluting)

Requesting permission to address the Lootennant!

Farman

What is it, Cook?

Cook (the perfect space-man)

Havin' completed my washin'-up dooties after chow, I request the Lootennant's leave for a little walk outside the fence.

Farman (glancing blankly o.s.)
But there's nothing for a man like you out there.

67
CONT'D
(2)

Cook
Oh yes there is, sir!
(hastily covering slip)
I -- I mean if I could just find some wild radishes
or something --
(sneaking glance at wristwatch)
-- it might brighten the boys' mess up a little.

Farman (shrugging)
I don't know what you're lying about, Cook, but be
in before the Skipper gets back or we'll both get
skinned.

Cook (the big salute)
Aye aye, sir! And thank you very much, sir,
Lootenant, sir!

PAN HIM to the electrified gate. The guard
on duty lets him out, using an insulated
handle. TRUCK the Cook away from the lighted
area. He makes a great show of searching for
radishes, pulling up various weeds, and throw-
ing them away with elaborate disappointment.
At last, with a cautious back-glance, he sneaks
around the corner of the first dune. Instantly,
he bursts into a wild sprint. PAN HIM rapidly
through several sandy gullies. All at once
he trips over a hummock of grass, and plows
forward on his chin. Rising painfully to his
hands and knees, he suddenly freezes, with
his eyes fixed o.s. PAN TO INCLUDE several
neat rows of full gallon jugs. The Robot
is just completing the last row.

Robot (counting jugs)
-- fifty-eight -- fifty-nine -- sixty.

Without a word of greetings or thanks, the
Cook scrambles forward on all fours. TRUCK
IN as he grabs a jug, and unscrews the top.

Cook (ecstatically sniffing)
Genuine Kansas City!
(strangling after big drink)
Ugh - smooth too!

Robot (o.s.)
Item No. 2, sir -- the female companionship.

Still on all fours, the Cook swings about
eagerly. Then his eyes fix o.s. in horror.

Cook softly to himself)
Oh mercy!

PAN TO INCLUDE the parked jeep. From it, the Robot is leading by the hand a rather charming young female chimp.

67
CONT'D
(3)

Robot
Satisfactory, sir?

Cook (jumping up, furious)
But that thing's a chimp!

Robot (rather smugly)
Yes, sir-- a placental anthropoid like yourself.

Cook
Why I never been so insulted!
(slapping his own chest)
I'm a human be'n', that's what I am! And don't
either of you forget it!

Robot (surprised and pained)
But I assure you, sir, that from an impartial,
evolutionary viewpoint, the resemblances far out-
weigh any mere physiological divergences.

Cook (staggered by this insult)
Me and her!? Why you dirty-minded de-vice! I
ought to take a can-opener to you!

He breaks off in disgust, comforts himself
with an enormous drink from the jug. Then
he notices the chimp shyly approaching.

Cook (stiffening)
Get away!
(as Chimp clambers up his leg)
No! Stop it!
(as Chimp's face comes level with his)
Help! Come on now-- git off!
(as chimp slides arms around his neck)
Aw quit!

The chimp tenderly kisses his cheek. After
a moment of fright, the Cook's whole attitude
softens and changes.

Cook (almost baby-talk)
Never mind. She'll make a cute ship's pet
anyway. I'll fix her up a little gymnasium
right in the galley--

Glancing over, he notices that the Robot now
stands motionless, scanning o.s.

Cook (anxious)
What's up in camp? Somebody comin' out this way?

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Robot (after several seconds)
No, sir. Nothing is coming this way.

67
CONT'D
(4)

CLOSE SHOT - ONE OF THE FLOODLIGHTS

68

flashing rapidly on and off. Excited SHOUTS
o.s. PAN DOWN INTO FULL SHOT-- THE CAMP.
All the lights are flashing, and the exterior
box of circuit-breakers keeps snapping and
smoking.

Farman (meeting Bosun in f.g.)
What's with the lights, Bosun?

Bosun
Can't make out, sir.
(pointing at box)
Look at the load on those circuit-breakers!

Crewman Lindstrom (calling
in b.g.)
Over here, Lieutenant! The fence is shorting!

TRUCK IN as Farman and the Bosun run over.
Two or three yards of the fence is crackling
with electrical arcs, and is already glowing.

Farman
Why, this whole section is red-hot!

Bosun
Shall I shut down the current, sir?

Farman (as arcing stops, and
glow darkens)
It's stopped now. Unless it happens again, we'll
check over the whole system in the morning.

During his speech, PAN DOWN INTO CLOSE SHOT--
THE GROUND below their range of vision.
Just inside the fence, a patch of sand stirs.
It is a huge footprint, perhaps a yard long.
Another footprint appears two yards in advance
of it. PAN with the footprints as they make
their way directly toward the ship. In the
b.g. human legs are continually visible, as
guards pass without noticing the footprints.

Crewman Randall (o.s.)
That was queer the way the fence shorted!

Crewman Silvers (o.s.)
Yeah-- then it stopped.

Crowman Moran (o.s.)
I never saw lights do that except in a thunderstorm.

68
CONT'D
(2)

The great footsteps reach the spiral stair, which now rings and vibrates slightly as the unseen weight again moves up it. Crowmen visible in the b.g., unaware of what is happening. The huge, bestial breathing enters the ship.

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. CLOSE SHOT - TERRACE DOORWAY OF MORBIUS LIVING ROOM - ALTA STANDING THERE

69

As dialogue starts o.s. PULL BACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT-- LIVING ROOM-- Morbius and Adams sit facing each other. The clash has come. Morbius is scowling. Adams' face is set in bull-like obstinacy. As each speaks in turn, Alta keeps glancing from one to the other, tense and scared. The Doc, with the corners of his eyes thoughtfully crinkled, sits studying Morbius through the smoke of a cigarette.

Adams

Dr. Morbius, I disagree with you one hundred percent! A scientific find on this scale has got to be taken under United Planets supervision.

(as Doc nods agreement)

No one man can be allowed to monopolize it.

Morbius (openly sneering)

For the past two hours I have been expecting you to make exactly that stupid statement.

(checking Adams with a gesture)

One moment, commander. For close upon twenty years now I have constantly and, I hope, dispassionately, considered this very problem. And I have come to the unalterable conclusion that Man is as yet unfit to receive such knowledge-- such almost limitless power.

Doc (gently)

Whereas Dr. Morbius, with his now greatly expanded intellectual capacity, is ideally suited to administer that power for the whole human race.

Morbius (unruffled)

Precisely, Doctor.

(increasingly arbitrary)

Such portions then of the Krell science as I may from time to time deem safe and suitable, I shall dispense to earth. Other portions I shall withhold. In this I will be answerable ex-

Morbius (Continued)
(to Adams in particular)
And for the benefit of your superiors back
at Earth-Base, I am obliged to add that I
intend to submit to no coercion whatsoever.

Adams' eyes are alight with cold anger.

Adams (carefully quiet)
In the absence of instructions, sir, you put me
in a very difficult position--

At this moment his collar-insignia walkie-
talkie buzzes. Adams activates it.

Farman's Voice (excited)
Commander Adams! Commander Adams!

Adams
Commander speaking, Lieutenant.

Farman's Voice
Skipper! Chief Quinn has been murdered!

Adams
Murdered!?

As Morbius and the Doc rise slowly--

Farman's Voice (breathless)
He was alone-- working on the monitor. Skipper!
We were all outside on guard duty! I was just--

Since the word "murder", Adams' eyes have
remained fixed in a deadly expression on
Morbius' face.

Adams
Get hold of it, Farman.
(still watching Morbius)
Now tell me-- how was it done?

Farman's Voice (cracking)
Done!? Skipper, the Chief's body is spread all
over the Communications Room!

Adams
I'll be there inside thirty minutes.

Still glaring at Morbius, he stands
up, nods to the Doc. As the two men walk
rapidly out o.s., Alto comes into the room,
looking after them in terror. All at once
Morbius sinks back into his armchair, looking
ill and old.

Morbius (a shuddering whisper)
It has started again!

69
 CONT'D
 (3)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MED. SHOT - DAY - SHIP'S BRIDGE - ADAMS

70

wearing his No. 1 uniform with a stiff collar, sits examining Quinn's shattered spectacles. He starts writing on a manila envelope as the Doc, also in No. 1 uniform, climbs up the ladder, lugging a big chunk of ruddy plaster over his shoulder on a loop of rope.

Adams (as he writes)
 Next of kin, Mrs. Sara L. Quinn, his mother.
 (slipping spectacles into envelope)
 Nothing else left for her.
 (peering at plaster)
 What's that?

Doc sets the chunk of plaster on the table.

Doc (unusually grave)
 It's a plaster-cast of the footprint near the water-cooler. Thirty-seven inches by nineteen.

A monstrous animal foot, shagged with coarse hair, and armed with huge curved claws.

Adams (inspecting it)
 Whatever walks on this would be quite an opponent-- for a man with a club.
 (as Doc fails to reply)
 Outside of its looks, what bothers you so much?

Doc (uncasy and evasive)
 Skipper, this thing runs counter to every known law of adaptive evolution!

Adams
 Could you break that down for me?

Doc
 Look at the structure here-- characteristic of a four-footed animal, yet our visitor last night left the tracks of a biped.

(as Adams grunts, attentive)
 Definitely a ground animal too-- but these claws could only belong to an arboreal creature, like some impossible tree-sloth. -- It just doesn't fit into normal nature anywhere in the galaxy. It's a nightmare!

Adams thinks about this for a moment.

70
CONT'D
(2)

Adams
Could it be that the answer is fairly simple?

Doc

Simple!?

Adams (nodding, grim)
Our robot friend-- wearing stilts, with those things
for feet.

Doc

How did he cross a hundred yards of floodlighted
level ground without being seen by twenty people?

Adams (bitter and grim)
How much of a trick is it to get past a lot of
unbuttoned guards under a slack officer! -- while
Morbus stalls the so-called "brains" of this
outfit up there in his laboratory!

Doc (not quite convinced)

Maybe. He did take a lot of trouble to plant
the idea that his robot was harmless.

At this moment Farman appears at the head of
the ladder, looking sicker than usual.

Farman

Excuse me, Commander-- are you ready to hold
discipline on the Cook?

Adams (snapping)

Let's have him.

Farman beckons, and the Cook comes up, shaved,
and with his hair plastered. His uniform
is above criticism, his military correctitude
almost galvanic.

Farman

I'm obliged to remind you, sir-- he had my permis-
sion to go out last night.

Adams (eyeing Cook)

Did he have your permission to get soused with
a Chimp?

The Cook is visibly staggered by such
injustice

Cook

Drunk, sir!? Me, sir?
(sinister tones)

Commander, sir, I been the victim of a cold-blooded
noison plot!!

Adams

And I have to sit and listen to this!

70
CONT'D
(3)

Cook

Ask the Doctor, sir!

(darkly wagging his head)

A whole gallon of 120 proof bourbon without a trace of natural hangover in it! And why did that Robert argue me into drinkin' it in the first place!

Adams and the Doc look blankly at each other.

Adams (to Cook)

You were with the robot last night?

Cook

Yes, sir. Him and me, we --

Adams

The whole time? While the Chief was being killed?

Cook

Why certainly, sir. That Robert and me--

Adams (his face set)

Dismissed.

Cook (suddenly pleading)

Could I just keep the chimp, Skipper? Huh? - could I? She wouldn't be no trouble to nobody! Honest, sir, she's just like a cute baby! She -

Adams (waving him off)

All right! All right! Just keep her away from the chow.

Cook (deeply moved)

I ain't ever going to forget this kindness on your part, Commander, sir! From now on I'm right ready to lay my life down for you--

(failing to snap his fingers)

-- just like that!

Adams (closing his eyes)

See if you can get him out of here, Lieutenant.

Farman (choking back laughter)

Come on, Mother -- your child is crying for you.

As the Cook and Farman exit down the stair, Adams and the Doc are still looking blankly at each other.

Adams

That sort of washes the Robot up.

Doc

And where does that leave us for suspects!?

70
CONT'D
(4)

Adams

Maybe it leaves us with the same one!

(starting to grin wryly)

--but maybe "the brains of this outfit" ought to drop up to the Krell laboratory and have their I.Q.'s boosted.

Bosun (entering, saluting)

Sir, the burial detail is formed.

As Adams rises, picks up his cap, and the Space Manual--

IAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE OPEN GRAVE

71

The whole ship's company is drawn up. The body is already out of sight in the grave.

Adams (reading from manual)

We commit the body of our comrade to the soil of this planet in the name of God.

(throwing in sand)

Earth to earth -- ashes to ashes -- dust to dust.

(when all have stood at salute)

Dismissed!

PAN Adams and Doc slowly away in TWO SHOT.

Adams

He was really an A-1 technician.

Doc

And that's a good enough epitaph for any space man.

Suddenly they stop short, eyes fixed o.s.
PAN TO INCLUDE the jeep standing outside the gate, with Robby holding the door. Morbius and Alta have just alighted. TRUCK IN as Adams and Doc advance to meet them.

Adams (to Morbius)

Good day, sir.

He meets Alta's eyes, says nothing.

Morbius (eyes on grave o.s.)

I dare say neither of us slept last night, Commander.

Adams (watching him)

That's a close guess.

71
CONT'D
(2)

Morbis

While your ship was still in space, I warned you
-- I begged you!-- not to land on this planet!
Since then I have repeated my appeals many times.

(gesturing toward grave)

That is only a foretaste, Commander -- the Belere-
phon pattern is being woven again.

(as Adams does not answer)

Young man! Let me urge you -- and my daughter
joins me in urging you -- to leave while there
is still time!

Adams glances at Alta. Large-eyed, she nods
slowly. Adams looks back at Morbis.

Adams

I'll lift off the moment we're operational again --
if you and your daughter are aboard my ship.

Morbis

Is it possible you still don't understand? She
and I are completely safe here -- we're immune!

Suddenly Alta takes an arm of each, and
tries to draw them closer to each other.

Alta

Father, we must do as he says! Don't you feel it?
Everything has changed! Death is all around us.

(as Morbis starts)

Out there in space we'll all be safe together --
and happier than we ever thought was possible.
Please! I know the Commander now -- you've got
to trust him!

Morbis stares at her, appalled as he begins
to understand what has happened. After a
moment he releases her arm.

Morbis

You're of age, my child, with every legal and moral
right to make your own decisions. Obviously my own
feelings on the subject are of no great consequence.

Alta

Daddy-- !

Morbis

Go with this young man -- to that dark world your
mother and I left behind.

(looking sternly at Adams)

And when this cruel illusion of love has failed
you, perhaps you will discover for yourself that
your life here was kindlier than the life of
Earth --

Alta has stood speechless between them. Now
she lets their arms go

Alta

Kind!? What do either of you know about kindness!
Forcing me to choose between you -- !

71
CONT'D
(3)

Suddenly she turns, and runs o.s. in tears.
They look after her -- then their eyes meet.

Morbis (savagely mocking)

So you have won her child's love. What a victory for
your vanity, Commander!

Suddenly his fury leaps out into the open.

Morbis

Stay here then! And you may be sure that the
next attack upon your party will be far more
deadly and general.

Adams (catching his sleeve)

How do you know?

The question has the crack of a whip and
for a moment Morbis seems oddly at a loss.

Morbis

Know? I -- I simply seem to visualize it somehow.
I --

(angrily freeing his arm)

If you wish, you may call it a premonition!

He walks away quickly to the jeep. Adams and
the Doc watch very soberly as it drives o.s.

Doc

What did you make of that, Skipper?

Adams (very thoughtful)

I'd say it sounded like an ultimatum.

LAP DISSOLVE:

NIGHT CLOSE SHOT - CAMP - A GUN EMPLACEMENT

72

containing one of the heavy atomic disinte-
grators from the ship. A crewman in the
operator's saddle. PAN INTO FULL SHOT. The
floodlights are on. Three other emplacements
with disintegrators, set equidistant about the
ship. The whole crew is armed and on duty
inside the fence, each man alertly watching
the area on his own front. Adams and the Doc
stand in f.g. near the stair, watching a work-
squad carry the last of Quinn's heavy electri-
cal gear back into the ship. The Doc is fes-
tooned with hand-grenades.

Adams (to work party)
Get along with that gear! I want a clear field
of fire for the main battery.

72
CONT'D
(2)

(critically examining layout)
At least three heavy units covering every point
on the perimeter.

(noticing Doc's get-up)
Get rid of those grenades, Doc. You'll blow
yourself up.

Doc
No, Skipper. Cook showed me how they work.

Adams gives him an amused glance, activates
the command mike.

Adams
Bosun.

Bosun's Voice
Sir?

Adams
How soon will radar be operational?

Bosun's Voice
Operating right now, sir.

Adams glances up at the slowly revolving
antenna.

Adams
Stay on it yourself.

He disconnects. PAN HIM to where Farman
is standing.

Adams
Well, Lieutenant, is your trouble-squad ready?

Farman (cheerful)
In hand but slightly trigger-happy, sir.

Adams makes a big, difficult effort.

Adams
I know I've been pulling a lot of rank on you
lately, Jerry.

Farman (smiling at the
ground)
Who am I to argue with my Commanding Officer?

Adams (faltering)
Up until now, the tougher things got, the closer
you and I always were. I've got a hunch we're in
a big deal here. No way of knowing how it will
turn out, but I sure wish

Farman is looking at him now in affectionate amusement.

72
CONT'D
(3)

Farman

Relax, Skipper. She knows, and I know, and you sure enough ought to know that she picked the best man for herself.

(suddenly grinning)

I'll settle for being Best Man -- at your wedding.

Adams (as they warmly shake hands)

That's great, Jerry!

During this, the Doc has stood looking happily from one to the other. Now he thrusts his face between them.

Doc

Any room in there for a bald-headed flower girl?

Adams (glancing at the grenades)

Those things aren't orange blossoms! Now get rid of them before you blow a piece out of the ship -- and that's an order.

Doc (moving off, disgruntled)

Always a non-combatant, never a hero!

Adams (back to business)

Let's have that bull-horn.

Farman hands him the loudspeaker megaphone which hangs on the handrail.

Adams (through bull-horn)

Attention. This could be an all night watch. For the next two hours odd numbers will try to catch some sleep right in their places. Even numbers stay alert. That is all.

As he puts down the bull-horn, glances at his wristwatch, PAN DOWN INTO CLOSE SHOT-- WRISTWATCH. It stands at 8:50.

LAP DISSOLVE:

CLOSE SHOT - WRISTWATCH STANDING AT 11:15

73

A continuous shrill screaming o.s. PULL BACK INTO FULL SHOT. Everything as before, except that the odd-numbered men are now on Duty. The screaming comes from the ship.

Adams (calling up the stair)
Cook, keep that chimp quiet.

73
CONT'D
(2)

For a moment the Cook appears in the hatchway, armed with a butcher's cleaver.

Cook (to chimp o.s.)
Pipe down! Want to get us both the brig?

As screaming stops, the walkie-talkie buzzes.

Adams
Yes, Bosun?

Bosun's Voice
Sir, the radar has picked up something.

Adams (quietly tensing)
Where away?

Bosun's Voice
Northeast by North.

Adams
Moving?

Bosun's Voice
This way, sir -- slowly.

Adams (evenly over bull-horn)
Direct both searchlights Northeast by North.

FLASH REACTION ANGLES -- CREWMEN COMING
ALERT -- the sleeping even-numbers, waking--
the searchlights swinging, and their beams
coming on.

MEDIUM SHOT - FOOT OF STAIR - ADAMS

74

The Doc, minus grenades, drifts up beside him.

Adams (peering o.s.)
You see anything out there?

Doc
No.

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - THE DUNES

75

The searchlight beams sliding uneasily over
the scrub growth. Nothing animate is visible.

MEDIUM SHOT - FOOT OF STAIR - DOC AND ADAMS

76

still peering. After several moments they glance at each other.

Adams (over bull-horn)
Attention. This may be a ruse to divert attention from some other portion of the perimeter. You men will continue watching on your own immediate fronts. That is all.

He lays the bull-horn aside, buzzes Bosun.

Adams

Well, Bosun?

Bosun's Voice

It just stopped at the edge of the cleared area.

Adams takes out his field-glasses, peers through them. Beyond the fence in b.g. a stretch of bare sand is visible, brightly floodlighted. Adams lowers the glasses.

Adams (on walkie-talkie)
You're sure you've got a real blip there?

Bosun

Big as a house, sir.

INT. CLOSE SHOT - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

77

Bosun watching lighted radar screen which features a large stationary blip close to camp. Then it stops being stationary.

Bosun (into mike)

It's coming on again.

Adams' Voice

Straight across?

Bosun

It says here,

EXT. MEDIUM SHOT - FOOT OF STAIR - ADAMS
AND DOC

78

Their backs to CAMERA as they peer toward b.g.

Bosun's Voice
About half-way across now, sir.
(as the officers glance)
Still coming. - - - -
(suddenly)
Right at the fence, Commander!

78
CONT'D
(2)

Instantly a section of the fence flares and crackles with electric arcings. The lights flash on and off, and the circuit-breakers begin popping. As the fence glows red--

Farman (entering SHOT)
There, skipper! Just like last night!

Adams (over bull-horn)
Steady all hands.

Abruptly, the fence stops arcing. The lights shine steady again. Two guards are standing a few yards back from the wires as the glow fades. Suddenly one points down at the sand.

Crewman Strong)
The sand is moving!

Crewman Grey (a little shrill)
Footsteps!

The two men stand bending forward, fascinated by the approaching footsteps.

BIG STARTLING CLOSEUP - THE DOC

79

veins distended, and face distorted, as he yells madly with all his strength into CAMERA.

Doc
Skipper! The blasted thing's invisible!

MEDIUM SHOT - CREWMEN GREY AND STRONG

80

Suddenly both are struck to the ground. There is a momentary suggestion of great wounds.

EFFECT ANGLE - FULL SHOT - ARMED CREWMEN

81

staring o.s., stunned into silence.

9-3-54

P.89

Adams (o.s. on bull-horn)
You can move in, Jerry.

81
CONT'D
(2)

MEDIUM PAN SHOT - FARMAN AND HIS SQUAD

82

advancing at the double. They halt. Swinging his automatic weapon through an arc, Farman fires a long burst o.s.

Farman (suddenly)
There it is, boys! Chop it down!

MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) - THE WHOLE SQUAD FIRING

83

In b.g. the shower of tracers is bouncing off an invisible shape which steadily advances.

TWO SHOT - AT STAIR - ADAMS AND DOC

84

Doc (watching o.s.)
Look -- the tracers!

Adams (barking)
Jerry! Fall back!

MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) - FARMAN AND SQUAD

85

The men falling back, white-faced but still firing. Farman stands his ground, his jaw set in an obstinate snarl as he fires burst after burst at close range. All at once his weapon is batted out of his hand, and o.s. A moment later, Farman's six-foot body is swung fifteen feet into the air, with nothing visible supporting it.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT - FARMAN'S SQUAD STARING

86

up o.s. in horror, holding their fire.

FLASH MEDIUM SHOT - AT STAIR - DOC AND ADAMS

87

staring o.s. in horror like the men. Farman screams o.s.

CLOSE SHOT - FARMAN'S BODY

88

thudding down limply to the sand.

Adams (o.s. on bull-horn)
Main Battery, fire one. Fire three. Fire four.

FLASH EFFECT ANGLES -- THE BIG DISINTEGRATORS
going into action with deep howls.

GROUP SHOT (PROCESS) - ADAMS, DOC AND
FARMAN'S SQUAD

89

In b.g., where the beams of the disintegrators
converge with a deafening sound, a fiery
outline is gradually taking shape. It towers
vaguely and monstrosly upward, now hugely
bellowing as though bewildered.

GROUP SHOT - AT STAIR

90

All watching o.s. with hopeful, drawn faces.

Adams (on bull-horn)
Pour it on! He don't like it!

Slowly, without realizing it, the Doc clutches
his head with both hands.

Doc (hoarsely shrieking)
No, Skipper! -- it's still coming!

FULL SHOT (PROCESS) - THE FIERY OUTLINE

91

now advancing again, bent slightly forward
against the disintegrator beams, as though
breasting the streams from three fire-hoses.
Its deep, raging roars dominate everything.

TWO SHOT - AT STAIR - ADAMS AND DOC

92

The Doc sits down suddenly on the bottom step,
but his face is composed. TRUCK UP INTO
CLOSE SHOT -- ADAMS -- Looking up steadily
o.s., he draws his useless blaster, waits,
sights carefully at close range, and fires.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. CLOSE SHOT - KRELL LABORATORY - WALL
GAUGES

93

The first row and a quarter now registering.
The silence is disturbed by a faint sound
o.s.-- like the mouthings of the invisible
monster in miniature. PAN INTO CLOSE SHOT
-- MORBIUS, uneasily asleep in the seat of
the library projector. His head has fallen
back, and his mouth is open. Soft moans
and snoring sounds are being torn out of him.

Alta's Voice (very faint o.s.)
Father! Father! Where are you?-- Daddy!

As Morbius begins to waken heavily, PAN BACK
to the row of gauges. In reverse sequence,
they are falling back to zero.

Morbius (suddenly, o.s.)

Alta!

MEDIUM SHOT - MORBIUS

94

Staggering to his feet, as he wakens.

Morbius
Yes! Yes, dear -- here!

PAN HIM HURRIEDLY out of the laboratory. He
starts to close the big lock, but then, hear-
ing Alta's voice again, he hurries on, leaving
the laboratory open after him. TRUCK him
along the tunnel, and out through his study.

Morbius
Alta! here! Where are you?

As he hurries into the living-room, he sees
her standing there in her night-dress,
frightenedly calling. She bursts into
relieved sobs as he crosses to her.

Morbius (embracing her.)
Child! What's the matter! What is it?

Alta (indistinct with weeping)
I had such a dream!

Morbius (stroking her hair)
Now, you know dreams can't hurt you!

Alta (still in fear)
Oh yes! This one --!
(more quietly)

Alta. (Cont'd)

There was fire and blood, and some awful thing
was moving in it! I heard it roar --!

(clinging to him)

Daddy! Please keep him safe! Please -- for
me!

Morbis

My dear! My dear! There's nothing I wouldn't
do to save your feelings. But as long as they
wilfully remain here, I'm completely helpless.
This thing is beyond my control.

(drawing her across to the open front
door)

But see for yourself. Their light is still
there. How peaceful it looks.

As they stand, looking off over the desert --

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. MED. SHOT - THE CAMP - THREE BODIES
COVERED WITH A TARPAULIN

95

The lights are still on. PULL BACK INTO FULL
SHOT past crewmen talking to each other in
undertones. PICK UP Adams, the Doc, and the
Bosun in f.g. All are sweated and haggard.

Adams (low tones)

Get those graves dug, Bosun. Keep the men busy.

Bosun

Aye aye, sir.

Adams (over bull-horn)

Well, men, whatever it was, our main battery sure
stopped it!

The men in the b.g. stop talking, and glance
over sullenly sidelong.

Doc (in low tones)

You really believe that, Skipper?

Adams

No. It just went away for some reason. It'll
be back.

(sitting tiredly on bottom step)

An invisible being that can't be disintegrated by
nuclear fission!

Doc (puzzled but positive)

No, Skipper. That's a scientific impossibility.

Adams (tiredly impatient)
Hypnotic illusions don't tear people to pieces.

95
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
True enough -- but any organism made of matter
dense enough to withstand three billion electron
volts would sink of its own weight to the center
of this planet.

Adams
You saw it yourself!-- standing right there in the
neutron beams!

Doc
That's the point! The creature we saw had to be
renewing its own molecules from one micro-second
to the next.

Adams
So what's the difference on a practical level?

Doc (looking soberly o.s.)
On a practical level it could mean trouble with
the crew -- and here comes your first delegation.

PAN TO INCLUDE a group of the crew advancing
reluctantly shoulder-to-shoulder.

Adams (composed)
A Skipper that has crew trouble is either a fool
or a weakling.

(glancing up as men arrive)
Well, men?

They halt with precision, come to attention.

Crewman Nichols (embarrassed
but resolute)
Requesting the Commander's leave to present a
petition.

Adams
Refused.
(rising, blazing)
Are you guys crazy, or would you like to see your
families again? There'll be time to jaw about
grievances when that pile is back in shape for
a lift-off!

Relief and delight dawn in their faces.
They salute, grinning, and hurry off to
tell the rest. The Doc stands staring
at Adams in surprise and approval.

Doc (mopping his forehead)
Frankly, Skipper, I didn't think you had the good
sense to bow to the inevitable.

Adams gives him a faintly mocking sideglance.

95
CONT'D
(3)

Adams (patiently)
Look, Doc -- installing the drive will keep the men happy while I get a chance to operate.

The Doc's jaw drops slowly. Then he gives a resigned sigh.

Doc
Well, everything seems to be back to normal again -- What do you mean, "operate".

Adams (calling o.s.)
Bosun, I want the tractor.
(then replying to Doc -- PAN TWO-SHOW)
Regulation 31 stipulates that non-combatants will, when possible, be removed from disaster areas.

Doc (growing grave)
Counting Morbius as a hostile, that seems to leave just exactly one non-combatant.

Adams nods. Doc starts to protest -- checks it.

Doc (sudden vehemence)
All right! But this makes it a gilt-edged priority for one of us to get into that Krell lab for a brain-boost -- if we plan to live, that is!

Adams
You're insubordinate -- but I'll buy that.

They have arrived at tractor, Bosun waiting.

Adams (getting into tractor)
I leave you in command, Bosun. When the ship's operational, do your best to wait it out for me and the Doctor -- but the second that fence starts shorting again, you'll lift off, and report back to Base on conditions in this sector.

Bosun (saluting)
Aye aye, sir!

As tractor drives away o.s. --

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. NIGHT - FULL SHOT - MORBIUS' HOUSE

96

All the windows are dark. PAN DOWN into
MEDIUM SHOT-- THE TRACTOR parked among flower-
ing shrubs. Adams and the Doc are getting
out.

Adams (quiet-- peering)
No lights showing.

Doc
How do we get in?

Adams
Blast the front door down if we have to.

PAN as they move stealthily along house-front.

Adams (after some distance)
Doc.

Doc
Sir?

Adams
In case we make it into the lab, I'll take first
go at that brain-boost.
(as he gets no reply)
Hear me?

Doc (equivocal)
I hear you, sir.

PAN THEM IN across the shadowy patio, and to
the front door. They stop suddenly. The door
stands slightly ajar. They glance at each
other, and then, very cautiously, Adams pushes
the door open. Robby stands just inside.
His polished body glimmers in the shadows.
The glow of his luminous gadgets faintly il-
luminate their startled expressions.

Robby
I am monitored to admit no one at this hour.

They exchange glances.

Doc
That sounded final.

Adams
Maybe we can reason with him.

His hand starts drifting toward his blaster.

Robby
My beams are focused on your blasters, gentlemen.

Both together, they snatch their blasters out, point them at Robby, and squeeze off. Nothing happens. They look at each other.

96
CONT'D
(2)

Doc (disgusted)

Neutralized.

They holster their blasters, exchange a wink, and slowly advance with their empty hands. Robby spreads his arms across the doorway.

Doc (drily to Adams)

If you and I still qualify as rational-- which I now doubt-- this nickle-plated bouncer here has a built-in rule against wringing our necks.

Robby

That is true, sir. But I cannot prevent you gentlemen from damaging yourselves against me.

Just as they are about to grapple with him, a pale glimmer appears in the darkness behind Robby, and suddenly Altaira comes up into view. She is wearing her nightdress, with a white shawl about her shoulders.

Alta (whispering)

Let them in, Robby.

Robby does not seem to hear her, though his gadgets become agitated.

Adams

Your father's orders. Move aside, Alta.

Alta

Quiet.

(to Robby-- enunciating carefully)

Emergency cancellation Limberlock. Clear relays D-12,000 to D-18,500.

The gadgets fade out for a moment, then come on again. Robby moves aside. TRUCK Adams and the Doc in quickly.

Alta (embracing Adams)

Why are you here?

TRUCK them into dark living-room in TWO-SHOT.

Adams

We were attacked tonight. Three more men dead.

(stopping)

One of them was Jerry Farman.

Alta gives a wordless exclamation of horror.

Alta (clinging to him)
What attacked you?

96
CONT'D
(3)

Adams (shrugging)
Just a big outline in the blaster beams.
(then smiling-- but gripping her wrist)
Can you explain it?

Alta (gravely meeting his eyes)
No.

He smiles more gently-- the answer satisfies him.

Adams
Anyway we fought it-- and lost. I think it will be back.

Alta is more and more deeply frightened.

Alta
Then you must leave-- now!

Adams (eagerly)
With you?

She starts to weep quietly.

Alta
I can't leave him here! I can't! Without me,
he'd be like a lost soul!

Adams
You said you loved me.

Alta
Please, darling, don't keep tearing at me! You
must go home to Earth-- tonight! and never come
back again-- forget all about Altair-4, about me!

Adams stands looking bitterly at her.

Adams
And get a yellow discharge for leaving a woman
here, with that thing loose!

Alta
But I'm immune-- like both my parents-- you know
that!

Adams
I know he says you are.

She looks at him desperately. Suddenly,
with both arms she draws his head down, and
kisses him long and hard on the mouth.

Alta (releasing him
breathlessly)
Now go, darling! Just go!
(trying to start him)
Please! Please, if you love me the least bit-- !

96
CONT'D
(4)

Adams (resisting, desperate)
Doc, try to talk some sense to this girl! I'm
over my head.

(turning, as he gets no answer)
Doc!

PAN TO INCLUDE the dark, empty living-room.

Adams (blankly)
He's gone.....the Robot too.

Alta (calling softly)
Robby!

They begin peering about into shadowy corners.

Adams (calling guardedly)
Doc! Lt. Ostrow! Where are you, Doc?

Then he notices the study door standing open.

Adams
He's gone into the Lab!
(furiously CROSSING)
I swear I'll court-martial him for this one! I--

But before he gets there, Robby emerges,
carrying the Doc limp in his arms. TRUCK
IN with Adams and Alta. The marks of the
electrodes are on the Doc's head.

Alta
The sofa, Robby.

The Robot lays the Doc gently on the sofa.

Adams (kneeling beside him)
Wise guy-- huh? So you took the brain-boost!

Doc (weakly smiling)
Wise guy is right!
(breathing painfully)
You should see my new mind-- up there in lights--
bigger than his now! Much bigger-- !

His eyes close. He seems to stop breathing.

Adams
Take it easy, Doc.

Suddenly the Doc struggles to his elbow in
desperate urgency.

Doc
Skipper! The Krell had completed their project!
No instrumentalities! Creation! The big
machine-- !

96
CONT'D
(5)

Adams (as Doc falters)
Come on! Let's have it, Lieutenant!

Doc (gasping)
But the Krell forgot one thing--

Adams
Yes? What did they forget?

Doc (a loud hollow whisper)
Monsters, Skipper! Monsters from the Id-- !

Adams (as Doc collapses)
Id? What's that!
(shaking him roughly)
Come on-- speak up, Ostrow! Talk!

He stops, stares at the Doc frightenedly.
Tears gather slowly in his eyes, and start
spilling down his face.

Adams
Oh Doc-- Doc!

Suddenly all the lights come on. As Adams
rises, turns, PAN INTO FULL SHOT TO INCLUDE
Morbis standing in the inner doorway. He
is looking from Adams to Alta, his face set
in a frigid smile of mockery.

Morbis (entering slowly)
How very romantic! Elopement at midnight.
(cruelly reproachful)
After all my efforts to protect you!-- after all
my love-- !

He breaks off with a great start, as he
catches sight of the Doc's body on the sofa,
the dark burns of the electrodes on the head.

Morbis
The idiot! The meddling fool!
(advancing in venomous fury)
To suppose that his ape's brain could contain the
secrets of the Krell-- !

Alta (gently)
Daddy-- he's dead.

Morbis (thick with anger)
He was fairly warned, and now he's paid fairly!
Let him be buried out there with the other victims

Alta stares at him wonderingly for several moments, and slowly her face becomes mature.

96
CONT'D
(6)

Alta (softly)
You wanted me to choose, Father, and I've chosen.
(turning to Adams)
I'll go with you now, darling-- forever and for good.

Morbius (shocked out of anger)
Alta!

Alta (still to Adams)
Let me get some things-- I'll be right back.

Adams nods, scarcely hearing her as he stands, still looking down at the Doc's dead face, but Morbius takes a step or two after her.

Morbius (scared now)
Altaira!

She goes out quickly. Adams continues to stand motionless, frowning in vehement concentration. Robby enters, quietly picks up the Doc's body.

Robby
I'll lay him in the tractor, sir.

Adams (abstracted)
Thank you, Robby.

As Robby carries the Doc's body o.s. TRUCK IN. Adams' eyes now are darting from side to side in excitement, as his brain fits its puzzle swiftly together.

Morbius (a shaky mutter)
She must not do this. She must be stopped!

Adams pours a little glass of brandy, hands it to him, and watches him drink it.

Adams (taking glass back)
Dr. Morbius, what is "the Id"?

Morbius (feebly irritated)
Leave me alone, young man! My daughter is planning a foolish action. I-- I am sure somehow it cannot be for her advantage! She will be terribly punished--

Adams (gripping, shaking him)
What is the Id?

Morbius is daunted-- but he tries to recapture some of his mocking dignity.

Morbius

The Id? An obsolete term, I'm afraid-- once used to describe the most primitive and elementary basis of the subconscious mind.

96

CONT'D

(7)

Adams releases him slowly, his eyes flaring with comprehension.

Adams

Of course! Oh, Doc! Monsters from the subconscious mind.

(impulsively catching Morbius' hands)

Dr. Morbius! The big machine-- 3,000 cubic miles of clystron relays-- enough power for a whole population of creative geniuses! Operated by remote control!-- the electro-magnetic impulses of individual Krell brains!

Morbius petulantly jerks his hands free.

Morbius (frightened and

confused)

But to what purpose?

Adams

In return, this ultimate machine would project solid matter to any point on the planet-- for any purpose, and in any shape or color! Creation, manipulation by mere thought! The Krell had become like Gods.

Slowly, understanding comes into Morbius' face.

Morbius (deeply troubled)

Oh yes-- yes! I ought to have known this. Why haven't I seen it all along? Why not?

Adams (watching him)

Even the Krell forgot one deadly danger-- their own subconscious Ids.

Morbius takes this in-- and it appalls him.

Morbius

Ah! The mindless, primitive beast! Yes-- even they must have evolved from that!

Adams

And now those mindless beasts had access to a machine that could never be shut down!

(a shudder in his voice)

A delirious, inexhaustible fountain! The secret devil of every soul on the planet-- all set free at once, with power to loot, and maim, and take revenge, and kill!

Morbius (brokenly)

My poor Krell! After a million years of shining

He stands brooding -- but then suddenly he glances at Adams again with sly malice.

96
CONT'D
(8)

Morbius

Yes, young man. All very ingenious and convincing -- except for one obvious fallacy.

(softly finger-tapping Adams' chest)

The last Krell died 2,000 centuries ago, but, as we now both know, there is still a living monster at large.

As Adams stares at him in utter incredulity, Alta re-enters, carrying a bundle.

Alta

I'm ready now, darling, if you are.

Adams (eyes still on Morbius)

So your mind refuses to face this.

(shrugging, turning from him)

Well, maybe you'll be happier that way.

He takes Alta's arm, and as she hangs back for a moment, impelled to say goodbye to her father -

Robby's Voice (o.s.)

Morbius -

As he gets no answer, PAN SLIGHTLY, TO INCLUDE him, standing motionless in semi-shadow. His radar antenna is scanning steadily.

Robby

Morbius.

Morbius

Yes?

Robby

Something is approaching from the south-west. It is already quite close.

They stand perfectly motionless, looking into each other's bloodless faces. PAN as they move with a common impulse to the main window. As they peer out over the dark garden, their eyes searching --

Adams

Could Robby be wrong about it?

Morbius

No.

They go on peering out fearfully.

Adams (finally pointing)

REVERSE ANGLE - EXT. LONG SHOT - THE GARDEN

97

In deep b.g. there is a great thrashing among the dark shrubs. Then, unhurriedly, a broad path is beaten out directly toward CAMERA. Suddenly, o.s., Alta screams.

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - LIVING ROOM

98

Alta still wildly screaming. Morbius flips the wall-switch, and the steel shutters clang down across the doors and windows. Alta stops screaming. They wait, hardly breathing. After perhaps twenty seconds there is a sound of great claws crossing the flagged terrace outside. Something massive brushes against the shutter, and sniffs loudly at the crack along the bottom. A sound of slobbering -- then silence.

Morbius (sadly)

I'm sorry for you, young man.

Adams

Be sorry for your daughter, Morbius.

Alta's eyes remain fixed sidelong on the shutter.

Alta (a whisper)

It's listening.

Morbius (pitying her)

My dear, you must go to your room.

She does not even hear him. Through it all, Adams has attentively watched Morbius.

Adams

You still can't face the truth!

Morbius (tiredly)

What truth?

Adams (eery and gentle)

Dr. Morbius, that thing out there is -- you!

Morbius does not even take in his meaning for a moment.

Morbius

You're mad with your own guilt! To have come here, where Alta -- loving you! -- will be forced to witness your dismemberment!

Adams (softly)
You don't really think she's immune now, do you?
Alta has joined herself with me, soul and body.

98
CONT'D
(2)

Alta (exultant)
Yes -- and whatever comes!

Instantly the beast outside bays aloud, and begins raining terrible blows on the shutter, so that the solid steel shudders and thunders. Morbius stands almost mindless with terror.

Morbius (pawing at Alta)
Say it's a lie! Shout! Let it hear you out there! Tell it you don't love this man!

Alta (entering Adams' arms)
Not even if I could!

Under continued great blows, the shutter is now bulging inward. Suddenly it tears like cardboard from top to bottom. The beast's bellows are right in the room.

Morbius (shrieking)
Robby! Keep it out! Stop it! Kill it, Robby!

The Robot stands motionless. His gadget lights have gone out.

Adams
No use!

As he speaks, the torn shutter is wrenched wide open, and huge invisible shoulders begin forcing their way through. Adams grabs Alta and Morbius each by an arm. PAN them running into the study. As they slam and lock the door, it is scored outside from top to bottom by great claws.

Morbius (panting)
This door is made of heavier steel!

Adams
Look!

Outside, the beast is moaning with eagerness, working its claws like a terrier at a rat-hole. Already long vertical slits have appeared in the door, with bright steel shavings curling down under the unseen talons.

Morbius (leading the way)
The laboratory!

As they plunge into the tunnel, the study door is crashed through behind them o.s. TRUCK, the roars echoing close behind. The great circular steel lock swings to only just in time. It's closing completely cuts off every sound outside. The three stand panting in the silence of the laboratory.

98
CONT'D
(3)

Morbius

We've escaped!

Adams

Escaped? Didn't your own robot convince you? Your other self outside there cancelled every order you gave.

Morbius (striking at him)

Liar! I am no monster!

Adams (catching his wrists)

All men are monsters in their subconscious minds, Dr. Morbius -- so we have religions and laws.

Morbius

Let me go!

Adams

You've got to listen! -- because we haven't much time.

He forces Morbius down into the seat of the plastic educator.

Adams

Here is where your mind was artificially enlarged. It still lacked the power to work the great machine, but your subconscious had become strong enough.

Morbius (resisting)

Alta! He's viciously and cruelly insane!

Adams (remorseless)

Twenty years ago, when your comrades voted to go back to Earth, you sent out your secret Id to murder them --

(releasing Morbius)

-- not quite knowing it, of course, except maybe in your dreams.

Morbius (too shaken to rise)

What man can remember his own dreams!?

Adams

At least when our ship approached, you remembered enough to warn us away. But when you thought we were threatening your little egomaniac empire here, you sent your monster out again. More murder. More deaths.

Slowly Morbius' scornful smile comes back.

98
CONT'D
(4)

Morbius

And now I've done this, too? I'd harm my own child?

(confident and serene)

For nineteen years I have loved Altaira beyond my own soul!

Adams (pitying him)

I think you have. -- But hiding back of that there's still the jealous Neanderthal Old Man. And now he's whistled up his monster again, to punish your daughter for her disloyalty and disobedience.

(turning, looking o.s. toward gauges)

And unless you do something about it very soon, Dr. Morbius, it will be coming right through that door.

Morbius (starting to his feet)

Solid Krell metal, 26 inches thick!

He rushes over to the door, strikes the inner face of it with his open palm -- draws back with a cry.

Morbius (nursing his hand)

I'm burned!

Adams (pointing o.s.)

Yes -- look at the gauges!

PAN TO INCLUDE THE GAUGES. Three entire rows are in action now. At this moment, another whole row flickers into action.

Adams (continuing)

The machine will supply whatever power it needs to come right through that door.

(pointing again)

-- Look now!

PAN back, and TRUCK them in. The center of the door has begun to glow dark red. It brightens steadily during the following.

Adams

Red hot. It will be white hot soon, Morbius. It will soften and run --

For a moment, Morbius' eyes glaze with panic. Then with a great effort he controls himself.

Morbius (pleading with them)

If we are to die here, let there at least be no more reproaches and accusations. We must meet it decently together. Look at me, my dear. Alta,

She stares at him for a moment accusingly, then turns away to Adams. Morbius sags incredulously, as though she had struck him.

98
CONT'D
(5)

Morbius (brokenly)

Then it must be true!

As he sits down heavily in the seat of the library recorder, and looks about the laboratory in bewilderment -- FLASH CLOSE SHOTS -- more and more gauges flickering into action -- the steel door entirely white-hot now, its surface starting to melt -- Adams and Alta tensely watching Morbius.

MEDIUM SHOT - NEAR THE DOOR

99

Morbius

Yes -- I cannot deny it any longer: I am the guiltiest man alive.

Alta (moving toward him)

You never thought you were harming anyone.

Morbius (checking her)

Guilty. Guilty. My crime was pride, and that I failed to love my fellow men. And now my punishment is that I cannot even save my own child.

(staring at the door)

My evil self is at that door, and I have no power to keep it out.

Just as he says this, a hole is punched through the putty-like white-hot metal. Lumps and flakes of it begin to be flung inward as the beast gouges the hole larger, and now the bellows and brayings are deafening again. Very quietly, Adams draws his blaster. Suddenly the whole crouching and monstrous outline is punched through the door, as the beast forces its way in at them with grunts and roars.

CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS

100

rising. TRUCK him IN toward the door. In the f.g. of the SHOT Adams' blaster accompanies him, pointing steadily at the back of his skull. Morbius stops, stands facing the door with his arms outspread.

Morbius

Stop! No further! I command you to go back!

Now between him and the shattered door, a towering and bestial outline is swiftly taking visible shape. As Adams' blaster is slowly lowered o.s. --

100
CONT'D
(2)

HIGH ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS

101

arms still outspread, looking up into the CAMERA as though into the monster's face, and recognizing himself there with loathing.

CLOSE SHOT (PROCESS) - MORBIUS WITH HIS BACK TOWARD CAMERA, AND THE MONSTER TOWERING OVER HIM AS THEY FACE EACH OTHER AT LAST.

102

Simply the briefest flash of the thing as it stands now fully visible in all its hair and horror -- the dull pig eyes, the small drooping ears, the vampire snout, the gaping jaws of nightmare. Then, as it sweeps Morbius into its embrace, sinks its claws --

TWO SHOT - ADAMS AND ALTA

103

forgetting even each other as they stare up insanely o.s. All at once, the bellowings gurgle off into silence. As Alta cries out, darts forward, PAN to Morbius slumping to the floor. He is dying, but physically unmarked -- and the monster is gone for good. As they kneel beside Morbius --

CLOSE SHOT - THE WALL GAUGES

104

flickering in reverse sequence back to zero.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT

105

Alta has Morbius' head in her lap now. Adams is trying to feel his pulse. As Alta's tears begin falling on her father's face --

Morbius (opening his eyes)
Altaira! Forgive me the wrongs of my love --
(looking at Adams)
You would have shot me, Commander -- and you would have been right.

Continued.

Morbius (continued)
(smiling weakly from one to the other)
Love each other.
(closing his eyes)
Love all men.

105
CONT'D
(2)

He lies for a moment as though dead. Then suddenly his eyes flash wide again in fear.

Morbius (a desperate whisper)
Commander! I beg you! One thing --

Adams
Of course, sir!

Morbius is pointing at a small switch-box beside the archway in the wall of gauges.

Morbius
There! Break the seal, Commander! Throw that switch!

Thinking only of complying with a dying man's request, Adams crosses quickly, smashes the little plastic switch-box, and throws the small switch inside. Unutterable relief comes into Morbius' face.

Morbius (faint and dying)
In twenty-four hours you must be a hundred million miles out in space. The Krell furnaces -- chain-reaction --

(suddenly loud and clear).
It cannot be reversed!

As he falls back, and lies still -

DISSOLVE: --

EXT. FULL SHOT (MINIATURE) - THE SPACESHIP
IN FLIGHT AMONG THE STARS

106

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. MED. SHOT - THE BRIDGE

107

Adams at the controls, Alta beside him.

Adams (checking meters, etc.)
Ninety-eight million, point six. We're clear now.
(glancing o.s.)
What an astrogator!

PAN slightly to INCLUDE Robby at the computers.

Robby (modestly)
It's a real pleasure, sir.

107
CONT'D
(2)

Adams
Activate tail-scope.

Robby obeys. The scope comes on, with a single star blazing at the center of it.

Adams (to Alta)
Altair-4 is that bright speck below the star.
(consulting chronometer)
Fifteen seconds to go.
(as her hand flies to her mouth)
Yes, Alta -- your father, my shipmates, all the knowledge of the Krell.
(counting with chronometer)
Five seconds -- four -- three -- two -- one.

A blinding white dot blossoms out on the tailscope. It grows swiftly until it blots out the star, and all the visible sky.

Adams (quietly)
Vaporized. The astronomers will be recording another nova.

Suddenly Alta turns to him, starts to weep. He puts his arm around her, strokes her hair as her father had done.

Adams
Alta, nothing is ever really lost. There's a ladder that reaches from the primeval slime up to the stars, and beyond. In about a million years the human race will have climbed up to that rung where the Krell stood in their great moment of triumph and disaster. And then your father's name will stand like a milestone in the galaxy -- warning Man to remember that he is after all not a god.

Slowly, she looks up at him, starts to smile.

Adams (into inter-com)
Bosun, front and center.

Bosun's Voice
Aye aye, sir.

Robby
A-C point to enter hyperdrive in precisely twelve minutes, sir.

Adams (kissing Alta)
You're telling me!

Adams (speaking rapidly)
As Commander here, I am authorized under
regulation 44 to delegate any portion or portions
of my authority to another officer in an
emergency. This is an emergency. I provision-
ally commission you, and appoint you Acting Captain
of this ship.

107
CONT'D
(3)

(handing Bosun open space manual --
indicating place with his thumb)
Start reading aloud right there.

Bosun (dazzled but obedient)
Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in
the sight of God and in the presence of this
company --

As Adams takes Altaira's hand --

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE STARRY UNIVERSE

108

FADE OUT.

THE END